

# THE Harbinger of Light.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO  
ZOISTIC SCIENCE, FREE THOUGHT, SPIRITUALISM  
AND THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

614 "Dawn approaches, Error is passing away, Men arising shall hail the day."

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members of that very church whose local, spiritual head now follows their example. What, too, could come nearer to our ideal of Freethought and free discussion than the following noble sentiment of Dr. Moorhouse, "Let every man say out the very last word that he desires to say; he pledges nobody but himself, and by his very frankness and fearlessness he may awaken echoes which he little expected—echoes which may correct or confirm his thoughts, and which can hardly fail to clear all minds and strengthen all hearts."

Much which follows is of the same tenor, an advocacy of the free interchange of opinion and a condemnation of bigotry. If these sentiments make a due impression upon the Bishop's suffragans, we may expect considerable modification of church dogmas and a large measure of religious progress during the next decade. We cannot, however, forbear having some doubts on this subject, inasmuch as the worthy Bishop himself has not always acted in accordance with his professions, and has exhibited prejudice against subjects which, not having investigated, he was ill fitted to dogmatise on; still, for all that, we welcome these bold, outspoken expressions of free religious thought, which, whether the speaker himself act up to them or not, cannot fail to broaden the church platform and encourage ministers of liberal tendencies to give freer expression of their views than hitherto.

There can be no doubt of the utility of such Congresses as these, where men meet to express their thoughts on vital questions, whether of religion, politics, or sociology. They are infinitely more valuable than polemical discussions where, as a rule, the desire for victory causes men to lose sight of the most important element, the elicitation of truth. True there are some narrow views expressed at them, but these only serve to bring out in bolder relief the broad and more beautiful ones of the advanced thinkers and progressionists. It appears to be the intention of the promoters of this Church Congress to make it periodical, as in England, and we shall watch with some interest the period of its recurrence, that we may note the growth of the seed sown at its initiation, and estimate the practical outcome of Dr. Moorhouse's inaugural address.

THE address of the Rev. Dr. Moorhouse read at the recent Church Congress and published in the *Argus* of Nov. 15th, is an interesting and important document. Interesting from its construction and comprehensive view of the religious situation, and important as an expression of the opinions of the head of the leading Christian church in Victoria on some of the most vital bases of church dogmas. Aply written, with a vein of poetry and religious feeling running through it from beginning to end, the salient points involving grave admissions are apt to be lost sight of by the superficial reader, though the critical observer sees them like great rocks partly covered by the ripple of a gently flowing stream. The plenary inspiration of the Bible has long since been publicly abandoned by the Bishop, but now he places it upon exactly the same footing as the Spiritualist and religious Freethinker. After setting aside certain portions of the Scriptures as the product of the human materials the inspired authors had at hand adapted for their purpose, and making allowance for the social, scientific, and intellectual status of the times in which the several books were written, he asks this very important question, "to what degree was the human element in the prophet's character and knowledge suffered to colour and condition his message? What, in other words, do we mean by revelation and inspiration? When the prophet cried, 'Thus saith Jehovah,' to what extent did he pledge the Divine Spirit which enkindled his enthusiasm and impelled him to speak?" These are questions religiously inclined but thinking men within and without the Spiritualistic ranks have asked ever and anon for many years past, and have been characterised as infidels for doing so by

THE celebrated Henry Ward Beecher has seceded from the Congregational Association; the reasons given by him are fully reported in the *North American Review*, from which it appears that the God of the Bible is not good enough for him. The advancing intelligence of the day has gone beyond the creeds of the church, and he could not as a Christian gentleman afford to lay on anybody the responsibility of his views. No amount of human ingenuity, he says, can persuade people that a God who has laboured for ten thousand years to produce an infinite population of damnable souls, can with decency be called our Father. "Little by little the pulpit shrinks from medieval theology; ministers first gloss it by new interpretations, then prudently hold in suspense, and finally cast it away." He speaks of the revolution which is at hand in regard to the whole philosophy of Christianity, and that it is led on by the deepest moral consciousness of men who love truth above all price. The most orthodox colleges had been obliged to modify their interpretation of creeds. The most revolutionary tenet ever advanced against Christian theology was evolution; to admit the truth of it was to yield up the reigning theology, and this the great Brooklyn preacher seems inclined to do. How many men in the Christian churches would follow his example if they could only be as sure of a paying congregation outside the church organisation as he is. This is the great difficulty—the "Bread and butter" question—and a very serious question it is to a man brought up and educated for a preacher, and having no particular bread-winning capacities outside his vocation. Few ministers are single, and when disposed to make a sacrifice themselves, consideration for their wives and children hold them back. For the present the work must principally be done within the Church, where by the constant enunciation of liberal views the old dogmas will die of inanition.

THE battle which has lasted for about forty years between Animal Magnetism and Hypnotism is likely to be brought to a termination after a few more ineffectual struggles on the part of Hypnotism. All students of scientific Psychology, which is by no means synonymous with the labours of Alexander Bain and Herbert Spencer, are aware of the up-hill fight which Animal Magnetism had to sustain ever since the days of Mesmer, Puysegur, and the early French school of Magnetists, and they also know that the eminent labours in the field of vital, or what amounts to the same thing, Animal Magnetism, of Delenze, Dupotet, Elliotson, Ashburner, etc., etc., were equally thrown away on the fastidious minds of modern orthodox science who, just as much as the unprogressive minds of modern theology repudiate what is true simply because it is new and will by no means fit into the grooves of their antiquated, long-ago threadbare theories, *de verum naturâ*. This state of things is shortly going to be changed, and Animal Magnetism will at last take its place in the foremost ranks of a more enlightened, a more tolerant, and a more truth-loving school of medicine. We are alluding to the recent study of the subject in question by Dr. Burcq, of Paris, who, a few months ago, delivered a most important lecture before the Biological Society of Paris on the origin of Metallo Therapeutics, and on the part played in it by Animal Magnetism.

Dr. Burcq has succeeded in establishing reliable scientific distinctions between Hypnotism, the legitimate offspring of Metallo Therapeutics, and Animal Magnetism, and has successfully shown that the former has hitherto usurped the name of the latter in order to save the scientific reputation of the sternly prejudiced opponents of Mesmerism.

The principal distinctive characteristics of Animal Magnetism are, first, in Magnetism the subject is entirely passive, whilst in Hypnotism he is essentially active; second, the field of magnetic sensibility is both more extensive, and its symptoms more intensive, than we find it in Hypnotism; third, the Magnetic state produces what is called lucidity, which Hypnotism does

not; fourth, Animal Magnetism is a valuable therapeutic agent, producing heat, increasing the nervous sensibility, and developing muscular force, which Hypnotism does not. Animal Magnetism, which for many long years has been the preparative stage of Modern Spiritualism, is now bound to attract the attention of a truth-loving world of science, the efficacy of whose obstinate resistance is at last found to resemble the efforts of the proverbial old woman who tried to keep out the tidal waves of the Atlantic with a mop. Magnetism and Spiritualism are destined to rule the world, and their final victory is only a question of time. The laws of Nature are invariable and perpetual; they laugh at the conceit and self-sufficiency of a vain science, and they cover with ignominy scientific methods and theories which are about as constant and stable as the weather-cocks on church steeples. Trusting that Dr. Burcq will continue to pursue the genuine track of magnetic research upon which an unflinching love of truth has placed him, we beg in the meantime to thank that gentleman for having thus prominently brought Mesmerism under the notice of a world of courageous thinkers.

## IMPRESSIONS FROM THE INFINITE.

(From the Spanish of Balmes.)

TRANSLATED BY C. W. ROHNER, M.D., BENALLA.

### FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### SOUL AND MATTER.

SOUL is the essential part of matter; without the former the latter is unable to make a start. Matter elevates soul; soul purifies matter; both together are a divine union, whose destination is progress. Matter becomes spiritualised; soul, idealised. Matter becomes purified in proportion as the spiritual principle inherent or incarnated in it permits it. In this manner, and for this object, do you obtain and possess matter from the worlds of progress, under whose influence a body is formed which will be more perfect in purity than a soul which has just started on its career; we must nevertheless not lose sight of the fact and precept that the soul in the end must always be purer than matter, which is only its outer garment. It must namely be understood that matter in other worlds which have progressed far beyond ours, can be far purer than incarnated souls in this world; this, however, is only indicative of one thing, viz., progress in both together, the refinement of the material necessarily accompanying that of the immaterial; but this does not interfere with the original proposition, that soul is always purer than matter. The worlds are constantly progressing in their material constitution, if the moral forces, the true elements of human souls, rule supreme.

As all the works of the universe are formed by God, matter as well as soul, so all have been formed to reach their end, which is real existence, and this holds good of matter and gases no less than of the elements of intellect and truth.

Matter amongst men will assume the form of the spiritual when the spiritual has sufficiently advanced to effect that transformation. Thus there are worlds so advanced that their matter would in your world be regarded as most immaterial; and, on the other hand, there are worlds in space whose moral forces and elements are so coarse and primitive that they might fairly be compared to the matter of your Earth. When matter in its progress has once entered upon the path of light sufficiently to become assimilated with the spiritual, then the progress becomes certain and easy; then spirit will rule over matter without using violence, for the latter has already become accustomed to obey the former, and thus progress becomes rapid, and the world which has entered upon that era is on the high road to liberty, peace, love, and happiness.

When this process of transformation is going on in a certain world the reason of it is that truth has taken possession of that world in such a manner that it finds an echo in all breasts, assent in all souls, and mutual assistance in all minds. When a certain world has

reached that era it is because matter, already pervaded by the moral forces, comes to the aid of the spirit, and this latter begins its life of gradual emancipation, because the hour of its unobstructed labours has struck, and it advances with unerring certainty and rapidity, free of its earthly cloak, towards a region where everything is clear, radiant, and good. Then so soon as truth has made its appearance, this world, by disclosing the evidences of the Infinite will surround itself with good fluids which bring it completely on the true path leading to the goal of truth. Already now that advancement is rapid, full of light, and comparatively speaking easy; its ascending course is already continuous and constant. The material weight, which formerly pressed so much upon this world, has been gradually removed by the powerful and irresistible wills which the workers in the field of reality possessed. Humanity on this globe has become undoubtedly more spiritual, and so to speak fuller of soul; and thus, as the era of misery has passed over this world, so also will the dawning light, by penetrating into all its corners and hiding places, lead to another and better era, namely, that of the rule of reason, the true precursor of truth and justice. When that hour has struck for a world, then the dawn of civilisation has begun upon that world; then man, abhorring vice, tries to disseminate the germs of truth and light; then will he call all his fellow-beings brothers; then will man study nature and nature's laws; then will a portion of his grand future career disclose itself to him, and man will forget the yesterday in order to think of the morrow; then, finally, will man, claiming his true rights by the aid of philosophical or scientific faith, get into possession of a larger share of freedom and wisdom.

When a world enters upon the path of spiritual progress, it is because it has reached the last stage of ignorance and anarchy; then it is that the great clock of eternity will strike up a loud sound, the far-reaching echo of which will call together all humanity to worship, with one heart and with one soul, in the temple of eternal truth. When that era has arrived for a certain world, then will the sanctuary of human thought become flooded with light, sending its beneficent rays wherever it meets will still dark shadows, then will sprout up the seed which God has laid into His works at their original formation; then will justice no longer have two faces; then will men call one another brothers, because then will all mankind have realised the idea of being one large family. Then will the criminal reflect on his past deeds, then will charity become universally current, then will the laws be obeyed with reverence; that will be the time when nobody commands and all obey. Then will ever-advancing humanity perform magnanimous deeds without being astonished at them itself, and divested of vanity and pride. We have already passed the period of indifference to knowledge; everybody now is eager to learn; no one now will consider himself wise or learned, because all are on the road of being it; obedient matter proceeds now in the path pointed out to it by spirit. At the same time matter also progresses, and will for ever progress *pari passu* with the spirit, and when the latter has once learnt to love, it will have reached the first rung in the ladder of Spirituality; spirit will no longer become tired of working; it will no longer rebel against its inspirations; all struggling will have ceased, because the spiritual is self-sustaining, and its motto consists in the precept, "to advance in order to reach the ideal."

All divisions and classes will have disappeared. All will instruct one another, because jealousy and hatred will be no more. No one will have any longer defects, because no one will try to hide his faults. The light from above will have taught all that nothing can be hidden after spirit is once separated from matter, and thus it will happen that, in those latter days, no one need any longer be ashamed of anything. Thus, advanced spirit will have taught matter not to lie, and it will have made it walk in the path of eternal truth. Then will, in such a world, freedom have celebrated its victory; and then will that world have achieved much because it has loved much.

## FIFTH CHAPTER.

## THE WORLD AND HELL.

HELL does not exist, and never has existed, as a locality. The absurdity of this belief will pass away as your progress becomes firmly established in your part of the world. When the masses are sufficiently educated to contemplate seriously the greatness of God, they will regret having ever considered it so little and insignificant as to suppose that He permitted its existence in the form in which Catholicism represents it, and which is by no means based upon the religion of Jesus Christ. But did not Jesus happen to speak sometimes about a limitless hell, about a hell everlasting? You surely would not charge upon Jesus ideas like these, and you would allow him to have been the Master.

Jesus spoke of hell parabolically. He said to the men of little faith to see what they are doing lest they burn in the flames of hell. Hell, therefore, was material, because it was spoken of as affecting their bodies and not their souls, and the fire of hell would burn them if they allowed themselves to be ruled by the former, for then they would commit great sins, and the sins are the hell of your world. Doubt is a flame that burns and consumes the doubter with the unquenchable fire of ever-worrying uncertainty. To what vices and bad habits does not the doubter deliver himself? By what terrible passions does he not allow himself to be dominated? And how is he to escape from a hell whose walls he is constantly building with his own hands? How is he to be delivered from a hell constructed in his own heart? This is the true meaning of the words of Jesus. The hell of the vicious was in those times the principal obstacle, as it to a certain extent still now is, which obstructed and retarded the progress of mankind, and fixed for it such a slow course of advancement. When humanity has once become initiated into the principles of eternal truth, and has by assiduous thought, discovered the basis of all mysteries, then only will it be raised up to the threshold of the very mansions of the Infinite, then only will it learn that God is eternally just, eternally wise, always creating, and always paternal. Arrived at this stage of intelligence, how will mankind receive the dogma of eternal punishment? Will mankind, at this time, permit its soul to be tormented by this infernal nightmare, and paralysed in its actions? Impossible! Man, after having achieved so much, will no longer believe that absurdities are the true objects of adoration; he will be humble without ostentation; he will disseminate truth and destroy the fanaticism of matter.

Thenceforth, united humanity will progress so rapidly that the space of a lifetime will occupy what formerly were centuries in the history of your earth; an immense intellectual progress will rule with an absolute sway over all that is purely material in its resistance and obstructiveness, signalling each of its ascents by a glorious elevation reaching to the very canopy of heaven.

Slavery will be for ever abolished; the spirit will begin to bud like a beautiful flower which an advancing season has changed; like the sweet songs of the birds will the spirit of man speak the language of the soul. Poetry having penetrated everything with its sublime inspiration, everything will become interlinked with the bonds of fraternity. Nature in its whole extent will be more beautiful, and spirit more active. Darkness will be converted into light, as the germ is developed into the larva; and that light will be followed by clearness of vision, just the same as the larva will rise on its future wings. Yes, who can doubt that the new rising generation will not be the same, which by entering upon the path of reason and right, will open the portals of wisdom of the incoming century, in order that it may, in its turn, by its rapid and unobstructed progress usher in the realisation of the grand principle of the ideal, the essential object of which is universal happiness, and when that ideal has once been realised, vice will have become extirpated, truth will have been introduced, freethought will have been established, and forgiveness and the love of God will reign everywhere. And who will not respect that ideal, which to day buds forth in its germ in order to bear rich fruit amongst its believers?

Who will doubt that a human brotherhood will not in the near future become an established fact, a law of nature? He who allows the larva to grow cannot deny it the growth of wings; and when the light diffuses itself who would venture to obstruct its course or to arrest its rays? If the ideal has once established itself, if it has been received in the spirit and in truth, who is he who could reject it, who would not rather eagerly embrace it? The regeneration has already begun, and Spirituality will eventually triumph. If its opponents are blind to-day, they will see to-morrow. It is impossible to resist the influence of light; it is impossible to spurn love; and it is impossible to disobey the laws of God.

The absurdities of all present creeds must fall, because the world having arrived at the time indicated by its rapid ascent and progress everywhere manifest, must throw off and remove everything which can obstruct its upward tendency and path upon which it has entered to-day, and which it will continue to pursue until it has realised the divine, which has so long been hidden in its composition. The truth, spread over the whole world, will finally convert the unbelievers, and force them to acknowledge that darkness has to hide its face in the presence of light. And then, who initiated into the now open mysteries of eternal truth—who illuminated by true ideas, who accepting love, loving right, who living a life of reality, who hoping for justice and believing in God, who on the road to bliss and happiness—will be able to go back in order to defend again the antiquated absurdities which he cannot comprehend, to exalt what is little in order to tread upon the sublime and the true? No one! He whose eyes have once been opened will not turn back again to be struck with blindness a second time. He who has once heard will not desire to be struck dumb afterwards. He whose intelligence has once been enlightened by the rays of the sun of Truth, will for ever and ever worship God.

Benalla, Oct. 31, 1882.

*To be continued.*

## BISHOP MOORHOUSE ON THE GIFT OF HEALING.

### III.

"The healing of the sick by the touch, and by the laying on of hands, is to be found amongst all the earliest nations."

"It is to be found amongst the Indians, the Egyptians, and especially amongst the Jews. In Egypt sculptures have been found where the one hand is represented on the stomach, and the other on the back. Even the Chinese, according to the early missionaries, healed sickness by the laying on of hands."—*History of Magic.* By J. Ennemoser. Translated from the German by W. Howitt.

### TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

SIR—I offer to you some further contributions on this subject, which I commenced in the May number of the *Harbinger*, and which I then mentioned were addressed not so much to your general readers as to that more numerous body of their friends who snatch up the journal thus thrown into their way.

It is by such means that the knowledge of the real truth of modern Spiritualism and its varying phenomena (including healing mediumship) spreads in the world.

In my second letter in your June number I see you left out my quotation from the exact words used by the Bishop at Kerang, and you made me refer your readers to those words as given in the May number.

I hope you will not excise them again, for what I particularly want to do is this, viz.—to hold the Bishop strictly to his expressions, and contrast them with such words, and such testimony, as will be found in my motto, and scattered throughout all literature, and especially spiritualistic literature, a few samples of which I shall give. The following are the words of the Bishop, and the question to the reader (such as we have contemplated) is this?—Who and which is right in such opposite views—the Bishop, or Joseph Ennemoser, the learned German, and the many on his side?—

I shall quote chiefly from the American work I spoke of, "The Spiritual Telegraph." His Lordship is thus reported—"The sacred writer, St. James, directs that

the elders of the Church shall anoint the sick, and pray over them, encouraging the practice by the example of Elijah. But it is obvious that in an age when miraculous healing was a common gift, such direction was reasonable, and such illustration apposite. Does any sober Christian believe in the continuance of these miraculous gifts? If they do not so believe, then how can either the exhortation or the illustration apply to the present time? I must also believe, as I do, that the age of miracles is past."

As I propose to rely for my facts on the reports of the "Spiritual Telegraph," I may be allowed to devote a few words to its character, with the view of enlisting the confidence of my readers.

Mr. S. B. Brittan was the leading spirit and one of the editors of the "Spiritual Telegraph," and it is only reasonable to suppose that he would guard its pages well against the intrusion of any untrue story, and that he had a sufficiency of both intelligence and integrity to enable him to do so.

Mrs. E. H. Britten, an equally trustworthy writer, thus speaks of him, and if my readers will mark it well, I think I shall have offered a sufficient guarantee for the facts I advance being sufficiently supported by evidence, and not merely a careless collection of wonderful stories. I quote from her "Modern American Spiritualism," page 61:—"A striking illustration of this occurs in the person of the Rev. S. B. Brittan, a gentleman widely known as an author of eminent literary and scientific attainments, but more especially distinguished as one who has filled various positions of editor, lecturer, essayist, magnetiser, psychologist, and magnetic physician in the spiritual ranks. By his eloquent advocacy, his public discussions, and his editorial labors, Mr. Brittan has rendered services to the cause of Spiritualism which can never be over-rated; yet his adherence was not secured through phenomenal evidence, or any of the ordinary channels of human propaganda. Mr. Brittan was thrown into a state of profound trance, which for a period of twelve days held his consciousness in abeyance, neither did he receive the least nourishment for twenty-one days. From this condition, hovering between sleep and death, Mr. Brittan returned to life, awakening from the trance as mysteriously as he had sunk into it."

"With the restoration of health and consciousness, however, he experienced a complete revulsion of feeling, which marked him for a changed man."

"A fresh train of thoughts was infused into his mind by the still small voice whose utterances can never be interpreted into human speech, or the presence of a strange spiritual visitor engraved on his mind a set of impressions wholly distinct from those of his former life."

I think this should say enough on behalf of the trustworthiness of the journal from which I propose to give so many instances, but I see Thomas Dane writes as follows on the 26th May, '54, (see its 5th vol., p. 553).—"Speaking of the 'Spiritual Telegraph' "I believe no journal or work of any kind previously written has produced such an amount of pure and glorious spiritual truth that can be comprehended and felt, so that he who runs may read, and I believe the wayfarer, if he reads attentively, may not err."

I think my readers should have some confidence in a work so spoken of, and think that quotations I shall make from it will bear out a declaration made by the same writer that the modern facts prove the agency here, of spirits of another world, in aiding healing mediums. But I hold that though there may be great good, and much usefulness, in having sickness cured, there is yet greater good, and more usefulness, in the practical discovery of the active agency amongst us of beings of another and a superior order to those in this world. Such a discovery enables us to comprehend the possibility of, and the probability of, and further, the positive truth of religion. In evidence hereof, I make a quotation from the writings of a distinguished author and very exalted authority. Men in general think very lightly of all religious matters (Spiritualism of course included), simply because they secretly disbelieve that religion ever had a divine or spiritual origin, or could



or can have such groundwork. The noble Duke of Argyll writes in the *Contemporary Review* for April, 1881, p. 292, as follows:—"The origin of religion becomes immensely simplified if we assume that there are intelligences in the universe superior to man, and possessing some greater power than himself over the natural system in which he lives. In proportion, therefore, as we ascribe to superhuman personalities the rule over the activities around us, in the same proportion does it become natural to regard those beings as capable of exercising some influence upon us, either for good or for evil; this conception, then, must lead to worship."

Here we at once get at the magnitude of the good and the direct advantage to religion, of the slightest undoubted demonstration of the intelligent and beneficial operation of the agency amongst men in our day, of beings of a superior order to man, no matter how small and insignificant that operation may be. In the two former letters which I have written on this subject, and in those which I shall yet write (D.V.) will be found countless instances of such spiritual demonstrations, where beings of a superior order have been seen aiding a "medium" in working what we may call a miraculous cure. Lest it might appear that I am going to attempt to hold up the Bishop as a wicked man for closing his eyes to the origin of the truth of religion in a sceptical age which is calling so loudly for a demonstration of the truth of that origin, I guard myself by saying that my only object is [to directly contrast his first quoted words, with words from many volumes which certainly do contradict the Bishop most directly, and bring out the light of that truth which shines in my motto.

So far from delighting to picture the Bishop as a wicked man, I should feel myself to be a wicked man if I spoke evil of dignitaries, and especially such a dignitary, for we have only to listen to him to love him. I judge his exalted virtue and piety mark him out as a most suitable and worthy head of my church, and though I shall often refer to him, I shall be careful not to forget this.

I do battle only with his words first quoted. Either the Bishop or Joseph Ennemoser must have been wrongly informed, seeing that their deliverances stand out in such striking contrast. Let us try the issue fairly. If we find the case goes against the Bishop we must then find that it has gone in favor of all religion, all Spiritualism, and the Duke of Argyll, as well as Joseph Ennemoser. In further explanation of my meaning I give a remark of one of the correspondents of the "Spiritual Telegraph" in the 415th page of the 6th vol.—"But when the blessed assurance of spirit communion enters into man's soul, his heart leaps with the rapture of divine joy. He then feels and knows that what all hearts desire, and what all religions have taught, is true. He feels and knows that those gone before us are still with us in the spirit, hovering over us as angels and ministering spirits of grace."—C.D.S.

If spirits are seen to be engaged in healing mortals, or if their intelligent communications with mortals on the subject of these miraculous cures can be proved on good evidence, then I say, "The blessed assurance of spirit communication enters into man's soul, and his heart leaps with the rapture."

I admit there is an "if," and I only wish that our Bishop, by the next out-going mail, would submit that "if" to his brother, the Bishop of Newcastle, viz.—the question if spirits have been seen in these modern times aiding healing mediums in the operation of healing the sick. I would be content to abide by the answer from that English Bishop.

I insist upon it that this intelligent communion between men and mortals, (and often in relation with apparently miraculous cures has been sufficiently proved by the instances in this and my two last letters, and will be further endorsed by all the instances which I shall add. Having specified the good of the facts, I will now go on to specify actual facts of this kind, out of millions of similar records of all ages.

"Spiritual Telegraph" vol. 6 page 280, I find as follows:—"A Modern Miracle." "The following was

related to us by a young man in whose word we have entire confidence. Our informant's father had been troubled in one of his cheeks with a cancer. Being a devout Catholic, he was inspired that his Bishop by laying his hands on it and praying, and making on it the sign of the cross, could cure it. He accordingly applied to the Bishop who performed the ceremony in whose efficacy the man was impressed to have such entire faith. The next morning my informant's mother, as was her custom, took off the bandage to dress the sore, when to her great surprise she found that the cancer had dried up and almost disappeared, while on the cheek, where the Bishop had touched it, was left a distinct mark of the cross. So deep was the feeling of surprise on the mother's mind, that it took effect on the embryo of an unborn son, and when it was ushered into this breathing world (some three or four months afterwards) it had on its cheeks a distinct impression of the cross."

I grant that the evidence in this case is not scientific, but when the story, such as it is, is considered in relation with the character I gave of this journal, and which I design to stand as preface to my extracts from it, and when it is further considered in relation with the countless cases I shall quote from the same work of precisely the same evidence of supermundane agency, working the cure of cancers, then, the narrative (as a specimen narrative of the kind) has value. Compare all this with what the Bishop said at Kerang, and see the contrast. "Does any sober Christian believe in the continuance of these miraculous gifts?" In reply I say we would not so believe if this case stood alone, but when it is just the reverse, then we will believe in just what the Bishop exhorts us not to believe in, and not to believe, simply because it did not take place in the days of St. James.

Cannot the Bishop perceive how singularly unphilosophical it is to believe that such distinctly marked, such wonderful, and so beneficial a law of universal nature, could be existent in the days of St. James, and non-existent in our day? The truth or falsehood of the existence of such a law, and its manifest operation, whether in the days of St. James, or the present day, must in the eye of the philosopher, stand or fall together.

I hold that the truth of the law should stand in our estimation, then, and now, from the weight of evidence on its behalf. It is recorded, and I will answer for it truthfully recorded) on the 174th page of Mrs. Berry's work, "My experiences of Spiritualism," as follows:—"It may be truly said that the gift of healing is one of the divinest of gifts of the spirit. The members of the early church were richly endowed with the gift, and exercised it to the glory of God in the relief of his suffering creatures. But the gift of healing and other gifts of the spirit spoken of by St. Paul, have been driven out of the church, and in the present day, whoever practices either of them, is judged to be under the influence of the evil one, but the time is not far distant, when spirituality will be again restored, and the gift of the spirit again abound in them that believe. There are a few possessors of the gift of healing in the present day."

Dr. Newton is one largely endowed with the power, and has been the means of performing hundreds of marvellous cures, giving strength to the weak, hearing to the deaf, eyesight to the blind, making the lame and suffering ones on every hand to rejoice.

To some degree, I possess the gift of healing, and I value it above every other possession.

I may relate that on one occasion I was sitting at one end of the dining room table, and at the other end sat a gentleman with his arm resting upon it. I chanced to place my hand upon the table, when I felt an acute pain in my left arm, between the elbow and the shoulder. Turning to the gentleman I enquired, if he had anything the matter with his arm. He said he had, and specified the nature of his disease, adding, that he felt sure he was drawing magnetism from me. That being the case I remained in the same position, as long as I was impressed to do so. *The disease was there and then cured.* There has not been a recurrence of it since then. The gentleman has since become a healer himself. The case

is a very remarkable, as a proof that cures may be effected without actual contact; the patient or healer may be only a few yards, or he may be a few miles apart."

I must here ask the reader of if this does not make it look as if there was more truth in my text, or motto, than in the Bishops utterance in the ears of all Kerang. We will next listen to what the world of spirits have to say to the Bishop's notions, as that world speaks through the lips of the medium Mr. Colville, at Langham Hall, London in 1877. It was as follows:—

"The Apostle James distinctly recognises the presence of the gift of healing, and from the time of the anchorites of ancient Hindostan, to the present day, these gifts have never been entirely lost sight of. A knowledge of Spiritualism comes to the Atheist and the Secularist (who have no evidence of the immortality of the soul) with proof of man's continued existence after death."

That is what the spirits have to say to the question, and I think it is more in accordance with my motto, than with what the Bishop has to say to the question. Does his Lordship think that India has no records since the days of St. James, of such cures by the laying on of hands, as took place in those favored days of St. James? If so Mr. Joseph Ennemoser and the spirit guide of Mr. Colville, quite disagree with the Bishop of Melbourne upon that point.

Now I will commence with and confine myself to the "Spiritual Telegraph" and my application thereof to the issue we are trying (we will say) between the Lord Bishop of Melbourne, on the one side, and the learned German, Joseph Ennemoser on the other.

2nd. vol. "Spiritual Telegraph" page 382. "It may be remembered that some weeks ago we published an account of the remarkable Spiritual experience of Mr. Father Bart, an elderly gentleman residing at Walpole, New Hampshire.

The following letter which we have recently received from him, presented an interesting sequel to that account, and as such is commended to the attention of our readers.—"To Messrs. Partridge and Brittan. Gentlemen, the old farmer writes to you again for a few more of your papers, and to let you know something that is going on in this place. I am moved by the spirits almost all the time, for the benefit of the sick, and am now preparing medicine to be used after the first visit to us. I have visited many, though they were at the time of my visit, ten or twelve miles distant from me, and prescribed and furnished medicines as I was impressed to do. My Spirit physician is almost always present with me. He represents himself to have been a German, and a natural botanist, and to have practised medicine in Germany, and also in this country, having died in the State of Georgia. You recollect when I wrote to you before, I mentioned that I had been called to a man in fits and gave him immediate relief. I did not give the particulars of that case, but he is now prescribing for the sick, similar to what I am doing.

There are other mediums here for other uses. I am a mark for many to point their arrows at, but I fear them not, for truth will prevail. I have experienced in many ways that which mind and body can do. If any person disputes the truth of my statement let them come and see for themselves."

I am going regularly through these eight volumes, with an extract of a few lines from each, and what I wish to draw attention to is this. The volume I quote from was in print in 1853, and all that I instance will be over a quarter of a century in print, and yet confirmed by several manifestations coming to light year by year, in an increasing and overwhelming volume for more than a quarter of a century last past, and finding a place in all the Spiritual journals of all nations and languages. The man who doubts and denies the facts, under these circumstances (one would think) must be either a fool or a rogue, pretending to disbelieve so much direct testimony.

How exactly this old farmer's complaint resembles the similar complaints of Mr. George Milner Stephen, against his calumniators, drawn down upon his devoted head, for precisely the same crime, viz., "healing the

sick and afflicted." I have seen these complaints against Mr. Stephen in the papers constantly, and I also know of one instance in his cures resembling the singular and wonderfully interesting phenomena, mentioned by the old farmer, who tells us, that the patient who was healed has in many an instance himself become a healer.

I was walking in the street the other day, and seeing Mr. Barlow, I asked if his brother continued to retain the use of his hand, and if also, the healed brother himself continued to retain the gift of healing others. I was answered in the affirmative. The brother had lost the use of his hand by crushing it in the sugar works, and after being for a long time unable to write, (except with his left hand) Mr. Stephens wrought a lasting cure, and at the same time imparted the healing gift to Mr. Barlow, whom he cured.

I had the story about two years ago, and again two weeks back, from the brother of the sufferer who was cured.

Here we find the American and the Victorian cases mutually support each other, and though ignorant people know it not, yet history knows countless cases of the kind. I speak of the cases of the healer imparting his gift to another. In my following letters (if you will be pleased to accept them, and which I have already written) I have multiplied the corroborative evidence, till it becomes overwhelming and laughs to scorn that stupid, ignorant, flat denial, a denial which men will shout at the top of their voices, and join each other, as if the cures were doing somebody some harm.

"His vociferous logic stuns me quite  
A noisy man, is always in the right."

I am Sir, Your Obedt. Servant,  
ROBERT CALDECOTT.

#### ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

SIR—Allow me to respectfully suggest to all who are rearing children in freedom of thought the advisability of instructing them in ancient mythology, that by understanding the connection between it and the modern they may fully appreciate the orthodox doctrines, when any attempt be made to lead them into the meshes of ignorance.

I have met many people reared in orthodoxy, who, from intuitive religious feelings, had abandoned it—though bewildered as to the origin of its doctrines. Such people, if lacking firmness, are often preyed upon during sickness, and in words recant what for need of knowledge, combined with weakened body, they would otherwise have steadfastly maintained. To these doubtful victories the orthodox point with extreme satisfaction. After having explained some creeds and forms of heathen worship to truthseekers who had not had opportunity for such studies, I have always found they quickly understood the origin of the outrageously unreasonable tenets which were fast driving them to atheism.

We have still pagan blood in our veins; the only way to decrease, and finally rid the world of it, is by increase of learning. Every lecture delivered by people of such unassailable conscientiousness as is Mr. Denton is a wave of God's intelligence, the effect of which, as every truth must, will extend to far-off future ages—even though Church Congresses should sit and speak disrespectfully of those who differ from them—for thousands of years to come.

In the *Times* report of the English Congress occurs the following remarkable passage in a sermon by the archbishop of York. For saying as much, in former times, poor laymen have been burnt alive:—

"Faith in the Heavenly Father did not depend upon interpretations of some portion of the divine records. We had in some things to modify interpretations in the light of better astronomical and geological knowledge, and we had gone too far in expecting a book of science in the dealings of God with men."

If not science in a book from God, where, in the name of sanity, is it to come from?

I am, Sir, Yours &c.,

Camberwell, Nov. 21st, 1882. H. A. DUGDALE.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC NOVELTY.

A most interesting series of Photographic Portraits of Spiritualistic celebrities has just been completed, and as our advertising columns will show, is obtainable at a very moderate price. The list comprises Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis, Mrs. Foye, Miss Kate Fox, Mrs. Britten, Mrs. Richmond, Professors Denton, Hare, and Mapes, Judge Edmonds, Drs. Slade, Newton, and Peebles, Messrs. N. P. Tallmadge, S. B. Brittan, Chas. Partridge, Epes Sargent, E. N. Denny, B. S. Naylor, and John Tyerman. The likenesses are very well got up in the carte de visite style, and comprising authors and mediums of world-wide fame, enable us to look upon the faces of those with whom by name we are so familiar—thus supplying a want that has so long existed.

## LYCEUM PICNIC.

The annual Picnic of the Melbourne Progressive Lyceum was held in the Survey Paddock on Thursday, November 9th, and was the largest, besides being one of the most successful and enjoyable of these interesting gatherings. Every *bona fide* group-member of the Lyceum was supplied with a ribbon or badge, the number with officers being exactly two hundred, these were largely supplemented by subscribers and friends, a number of whom left the Flinders-street station with the Lyceum at 9.30 a.m., the majority following soon after. Arriving at Picnic station the Lyceum was joined by the Richmond Lyceum who having arranged to hold their second annual picnic at the same time and place, marched with a fine band from their hall, and under the charge of their conductor, Mr. Cullingford, drew up in lines facing the Melbourne School, who, after saluting with their banners, gave them three cheers which were heartily responded to. The two Lyceums were then marshalled by Mr. Johnston, and headed by the fine silk banner of the Melbourne institution, marched to the inspiring strains of the band to a pleasant spot marked out for them near the banks of the river.

At 11 o'clock the Lyceums were called to order and put through a short series of singing, golden chain recitations, calisthenics and marching, by Messrs. Terry and Johnston. At noon the welcome signal of the drum brought the members together and seated round their respective standards the two Lyceums were regaled with a liberal supply of light and wholesome food, accompanied by copious libations of milk and lemon drinks which the heat of the day rendered very acceptable. From 2 to  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3 p.m. was filled in with jingling matches and foot races, the youths' jingling match being won by L. Weichard, who carried the bells; and the adult one by Mr. H. Moore who caught the "Boar" after a six minutes run. The two principal girls' prizes for footracing were won by Maude and Polly Mitchell, the boys' by J. Brotherton and S. Fielden, the matrimonial race by F. Whiting and Florrie Moore, the Siamese race by J. Brotherton and G. Johnston. The latter part of the afternoon was devoted to dancing on the Richmond Lyceum ground, and shortly before 5 tea was served. An hour later the camp was broken up and the Melbourne Lyceum followed the band to the station arriving just in time for the train to which extra carriages had been attached for their accommodation, the Richmond Lyceum staying somewhat later on the ground. The whole arrangements of the picnic were efficiently carried out; nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the proceedings, and from the comments of those who took part in it we think that the day will be remembered with pleasure by all who participated in this Lyceum holiday.

MR. J. B. HARRISON, of Williamstown, has presented to the Lyceum two silver medals for prizes; they will be awarded later in the session.

## A FEW WORDS ABOUT AIR.

## A SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION—RECEIVED IMPRESSIONALLY.

THE vital principle, or Life, which most people profess themselves desirous of retaining in connection with their physical form as long as possible, is hourly being driven forth by the ignorance, and often wilful blindness, of these self-same people.

That which is so plentiful, so cheap that no man has to open his purse for a supply—that which is, by a law of nature, ever surrounding and indissolubly connected with the inhabited globes of the universe—that same invaluable gift it is that man so despises, and yet without which, if only for a few moments, he ceases to be; *id est*, so far as the earthly tenement is concerned. This gift, this sphere of sublimated matter that envelops the globe, known as air or the atmosphere, this gift, if rightly used and appreciated, would enable man to double the average length of life on the planet, besides making him more god-like.

Men and women lift up their voices against the evils of drunkenness, but scarcely a whisper is heard against the far greater evil of imbibing impure air, which is, in nine cases out of ten, the cause of the desire or craving for alcohol, which, in great measure, negatives the deadly effects of breathing poison in the shape of carbonic gas. So large a proportion of the lives of most men and women is spent within walls of some kind that it behoves one and all to see that means of exit are found for the emanations from the lungs and pores of those who dwell within them. Does it not seem strange that people who pride themselves upon their cleanliness can be found with the greatest complacency filling their lungs with waste matter from the bodies of those around them? Doubtless, ignorance has a great deal to do with it; still in this nineteenth century it is their own fault if people remain ignorant upon such subjects.

Many a poor child is punished for being cross of troublesome when the only cause of irritability is the absence of good, pure air—a far greater necessity than even food, which is often loathed or rejected by both children and adults when offered in an apartment filled with vitiated air. How often the remark is made, "I have always a good appetite at a picnic; I can eat anything in the open air," simply because the conditions then are what they should always be, if food is to be really beneficial.

With good, pure air you may look for good temper, pure desires, noble thoughts, high aspirations; certainly, you need not expect any of these things without it. And remember, the higher the organism and the finer the temperament, the larger the supply of pure air needed for its requirements. A worm, or a tadpole, can exist with a minimum supply; not so a being endowed with god-like faculties.

Castlemaine.

K.

## MR. DENTON'S LECTURES.

Large audiences have attended Mr. Denton's lectures during the past month. The one we print was followed by two able ones on "Genesis and Geology, the Irreconcilable Records." The second course of Wednesday Scientific Lectures will be given in the Athenaeum Hall, commencing on the 13th inst.

At the conclusion of one of his recent Geological lectures Mr. Denton said he was going to Cheltenham Beach (where numerous interesting fossils were to be found) on the following Saturday, and invited all who were interested to accompany him. In response to this invitation about one hundred ladies and gentlemen attended and went down by the early train with Mr. Denton, the number being considerably augmented by the later train. Mr. Denton indicated where the different classes of fossils were to be found and showed the spot where he had discovered portions of a Fossil Whale, unearthing at the same time a part of the jaw.

The day was beautifully fine and the numerous groups scattered along the beach busily engaged collecting Echini, Sharks teeth and other fossils, was quite an interesting sight.

## CONTEMPORARY NOTES.

A LOVING and healthful woman, well knowing the peril, passed through the cold bitter winds of a winter day, gave her ministrations, and laid her warm, magnetic hand of love on the sick child, who opened his eyes, gratefully slept, and lived. The deadly virus of disease passed into her blood, and she closed her eyes and became an angel of love and beauty where storms do not come. Eyes of strong men rained tear-drops around her body, the disrobed mansion of the spirit; the world grew gentler and better above her grave, and as one water drop falling on an ocean makes vibratory motion in every drop of that ocean, so this sacrificial act passed into the world's mental ocean, and no after-days were quite so dark as other days had been. As a sunstorm in the photosphere of our material sun vibrates almost instantly around every atom in all the planetary worlds, moving in the aural, ethereal, and essential expanse of the solar sphere; so every thought and act of woman or man darkens or brightens the world. Man, though many, is one.—*Psychometric Circular*.

The *Harbinger of Light* under date of August 1st, says, in regard to the Materialising seances of George Spriggs,—“Several of the visitors at recent sittings were those who had witnessed the phenomena last year, and expressed themselves surprised and pleased at the progress made in regard to the amount of light, the distinctness of the forms, and the vigor of the manifestations.” From what our Australian contemporary says we judge that this improvement is the result of a strict observance of correct rules governing the seances, mention of which we made a few months since. Counsel with the invisible scientists who direct the production of the phenomena is held, their opinions respected, their advice followed, and hence the utmost satisfaction prevails all round, and will invariably where a like course, and the only reasonable one, is adopted.—*Banner of Light*.

Freethought may, in general terms, be defined as thinking without prejudice. Only as such is it noble and admirable. It pays due homage to all opinions, but it interferes with them only to examine them impartially, to embrace them if they disclose truth, or reject them for ever if they are mischievous in effect. In the hands of true lovers of humanity, of those who wish for truth above all mean gain of self sufficiency and windy praise of their selected adherents, of those who fight for the people to liberate them from the shackles of mental oppression, unmindful of self-applause and party spirit, freethought is doing all that it should do, and in its struggle with rusty ignorance, cruel tyranny, and priestly deception, it is ever undaunted. But our readers are earnestly requested to distinguish between *freethinkers*, and obstinate little-minded timeservers who wear the mask of freethinkers to serve their own ends. To estimate the value of Freethought without due allowance for noxious weeds, is simply to lower its price and do unconscious harm to truth itself. They are mere civil broils, internal spirits of commotion in the peaceful realm of Freethought, where the disturbing elements of prejudice, vanity, revengeful spite, unpardonable self-love, and partiality of opinion, are unknown. Lovers of freethought, beware of this dangerous element! A genuine freethinker must be a man of pure heart, and sincere devotion to truth, a staunch adherent of liberty, a man of upright and urbane conduct, tolerant of all opinions, and intolerant of all tyranny, ready to hear all, slow to decide may, always open to conviction. It is difficult to draw a clear line of demarcation between the true freethinker and the dissembler, but observe closely, examine minutely, think seriously, take time, and time will disclose the true, the honest, the false and the imposing. Remember our noble motto, “We seek for Truth.”—*The Philosophic Inquirer*, (Madras).

The columns of the Dunedin Echo are still opened to letters pro and con. on the subject of Spiritualism. In the issue of Nov. 4, is reproduced the candid acknowledgement of the prominent conjurers who have

declared the phenomena coming under their observation to be beyond the resources of their art; another contains a striking account of an apparition; in a third, “Scio” forcibly replies on behalf of Spiritualism to an opponent. The latter having hazarded the assertion that “Materialism is the most philosophical and the least arrogant,” “Scio” quotes the following words of Charles Bradlaugh,—“The whole basis of our cause is in direct ignoring and denial of the possibility of any such future state of existence,”—and in commenting thereon says, “So to satisfy the orthodoxy of this pope one must ignore and even deny the possibility of a future state. Charles Bradlaugh has explored the whole universe, and *knows* there is no future; he has spoken, and that settles it. His denial being impossible of verification is both arrogant and unphilosophical.” He also quotes Professor Clifford,—“We are going to establish ourselves in a godless world, and cast our eyes up to a soul-less sky,”—and well says,—“Clifford drew his little diagram of the origin and scheme of the universe as dexterously as he would a geometrical figure on his blackboard. A little mind-stuff here, and a little matter-stuff there, and the whole puzzle was solved, at an age too when most of our great men have begun faintly to realise the depths of their ignorance.” The Spiritualist should show no hesitation, no vacillation, no pusillanimity, in declaring his opinions, convictions and principles to those who desire to know of them. He should permit no ridicule, nor receive in silence or with feeble protest any contemptuous remarks upon them. While careful not to force them upon his neighbour, he should demand a proper respect paid to them when brought forward in conversation. He should respect himself, and while laying no claim to superiority, allow no such claim in others. He should be ever ready to let all see and know that he reverences his belief as the Truth, and that he feels the knowledge he has obtained is a sacred and holy possession.—*Voice of Angels*.

According to the *Eastern Daily Press*, published at Norwich, England, the Local Government Board of that town, has been holding a searching public enquiry relative to the deaths of several children through vaccination, and the serious illness of others from the same cause,—thirteen in all.

The Rev. J. D. Shaw of Waco, Texas, one of the editors of the “*Christian Advocate*,” has publicly renounced his belief in the leading tenets and dogmas, not only of the Methodists, but of the Orthodox faith generally. Recently he was one of the delegates to the General Conference, and when the four new Bishops were elected, he received the entire Texas vote (with some from other states) as a candidate for one of the Bishoprics. The withdrawal of so influential a shepherd from the fold created great consternation in the flock. Another escape from the creedal prison.—*Banner of Light*.

## MR. DENOVAN'S BOOK.

Just as we are going to press the first copies of Mr. Denovan's “*Evidences of Spiritualism*” have reached us, the printer having completed it earlier than we expected. It is a fine Large 8vo. Volume of 700 pages with 14 well executed illustrations, and will be reviewed in our next. As it was announced to be published about Christmas, and subscribers were to be supplied at 10/6. Mr. Denovan has given us instructions to issue them at subscription price until the 24th inst., after which the ordinary publishing price will be charged.

THERE are some very good things in our last files of the “*Philosophic Inquirer*” (Madras), including some amusing satires on the “*Salvation Army*,” which has just invaded Bombay, and met with a warm reception there, the Lieutenant! having been fined by the police-magistrate for blowing a horn in the public streets, and the higher court having upheld the conviction. In addition to this, a number of Mussulmen surrounded the camp, and but for the interference of the police, would have totally routed the army.



# SUPPLEMENT TO THE Barbigen of Light.

DECEMBER 1, 1882.

## A LITTLE PILGRIM: IN THE UNSEEN.

She had been talking of dying only the evening before, with a friend, and had described her own sensations after a long illness when she had been at the point of death. "I suppose," she said, "that I was as nearly gone as any one ever was to come back again. There was no pain in it, only a sense of sinking down, down—through the bed as if nothing could hold me, or give me support enough—but no pain." And then they had spoken of another friend in the same circumstances, who also had come back from the very verge, and who described her sensations as those of one floating upon a summer sea without pain or suffering, in a lovely nook of the Mediterranean, blue as the sky. These soft and soothing images of the passage which all men dread had been talked over with low voices, yet with smiles and a grateful sense that "the warm precincts of the cheerful day" were once more familiar to both. And very cheerfully she went to rest that night, talking of what was to be done on the morrow, and fell asleep sweetly in her little room, with its shaded light and curtained window, and little pictures on the dim walls. All was quiet in the house: soft breathing of the sleepers, soft murmuring of the spring wind outside, a wintry moon very clear and full in the skies, a little town all hushed and quiet, every thing lying defenceless, unconscious, in the safe keeping of God.

How soon she woke no one can tell. She woke and lay quite still, half-roused, but happy, in that soft languor that attends a happy waking. She was happy always in the power of a heart that was humble and faithful and pure, but yet had been used to wake to a consciousness of little pains and troubles, such as even to her meekness were sometimes hard to bear. But on this morning there were none of these. She lay in a kind of hush of happiness and ease, not caring to make any further movement, lingering over the sweet sensation of that waking. She had no desire to move nor to break the spell of the silence and peace. It was still very early, she supposed, and probably it might be hours yet before any one came to call her. It might even be that she should sleep again. She had no wish to move, she lay at such luxurious ease and calm. But by and by, as she came to full possession of her waking senses, it appeared to her that there was some change in the atmosphere, in the scene. There began to steal into the air about her the soft dawn of a summer morning, the lovely blueness of the first opening of daylight before the sun. It could not be the light of the moon which she had seen before she went to bed: and all was so still that it could not be the bustling, wintry day which comes at that time of the year late, to find the world awake before it. This was different; it was like the summer dawn, a soft suffusion of light growing every moment. And by and by it occurred to her that she was not in the little room where she had lain down. There were no dim walls or roof, her little pictures were all gone, the curtains at her window. The discovery gave her no uneasiness in that delightful calm. She lay still to think of it all, to wonder, yet undisturbed. It half amused her that these things should be changed, but did not rouse her yet with any shock of alteration. The light grew fuller and fuller round, growing into day, clearing her eyes from the sweet mist of the first waking. Then she raised herself upon her arm. She was not in her room, she was in no scene she knew. Indeed it was scarcely a scene at all, nothing but light, so soft and lovely that it soothed and caressed her eyes. She thought all at once of a summer morning when she was a child, when she had woken in the deep night which yet was day, early, so early that the birds were scarcely astir, and had risen up with a delicious sense of daring and of being all alone in the mystery of the sunrise, in the unawakened world which lay at her feet to be explored, as those childish sensations, long forgotten, came back to her as if she were five just entering upon five. It was curious how all those childish sensations, long forgotten, came back to her as if she found herself so unexpectedly out of her sleep in the open air and light. In the recollection of that lovely hour, with a smile at herself, so different as she now knew herself to be, she was moved to rise and look a little more closely about her and see where she was.

When I call her a little Pilgrim, I do not mean that she was a child; on the contrary, she was not even young. She was little by nature, with as little flesh and blood as was consistent with moral life; and she was one of those who are always little for love. The tongue found diminutives for her, the heart kept her in a perpetual youth. She was so modest and so gentle that she always came last so long as there was any one whom she could put before her. But this little body and the soul which was not little, and the heart which was big and great, had known all the round of sorrows that fill a woman's life, without knowing any of its warmer blessings. She had nursed the sick, she had entertained the weary, she had consoled the dying. She had gone about the world, which had no prize or recompense for her, with a smile. Her little presence had been always bright. She was not clever; you might have said she had no mind at all; but so wise and right and tender a heart that it was as good as genius. This is to let you know what this little Pilgrim had been.

She rose up, and it was strange how like she felt to the child she remembered in that still summer morning so many years ago. Her little body, which had been worn and racked with pain, felt as light and unconscious of itself as then. She took her first step forward with the same sense of pleasure, yet of awe, suppressed delight and daring and wild adventure, yet perfect safety. But then the recollection of the little room in which she had fallen asleep came quickly, strangely over her, confusing her mind. "I must be dreaming, I suppose," she said to herself, regretfully; for it was all so sweet that she wished it to be true. Her movement called her attention to herself, and she found that she was dressed, not in her night-dress as she had lain down, but in a dress she did not know. She paused for a moment to look at it, and wonder. She had never seen it before, she did not make out how it was made, or what stuff it was, but it fell so pleasantly about her, it was so soft and light, that in her confused state she abandoned that subject with only an additional sense of pleasure. And now the atmosphere became more distinct to her. She saw that under her feet was a greenness as of close velvet turf, both cool and warm, cool and soft to touch, but with no damp in it, as might have been at that early hour, and with flowers showing here and there. She stood looking round her, not able to identify the landscape because she was still confused a little, and then walked softly on, all the time afraid lest she should awake and lose the sweetness of it all, and the sense of rest and happiness. She felt so light—so airy, as if she could skim across the field like any child. It was bliss enough to breathe and move with every organ so free. After more than fifty years of hard service in the world to feel like this, even in a dream! She smiled to herself at her own pleasure; and then once more, yet more potentially, there came back upon her the appearance of her room in which she had fallen asleep. How had she got from there to here? Had she been carried away in her sleep, or was it only a dream, and would she by and by find herself between the four dim walls again? Then the shadow of recollection faded away once more, and she moved forward, walking in a soft rapture over the delicious turf. Presently she came to a little mound upon which she paused to look about her. Every moment she saw a little further—blue hills far away, extending in long sweet distance an indefinite landscape, but fair and vast, so that there could be seen no end to it, not even the line of the horizon—save at one side where there seemed to be a great shadowy gate-way, and something dim beyond. She turned from the brightness to look at this, and when she had looked for some time she saw what pleased her still more, though she had been so happy before, people coming in. They were too far off for her to see clearly, but many came each apart, one figure only at a time. To watch them amused her in the delightful leisure of her mind. Who were they? she wondered; but no doubt soon some of them would come this way, and she would see. Then suddenly she seemed to hear, as if in answer to her question, some one say, "Those who are coming in are the people who have died on earth." "Died!" she said to herself aloud, with a wondering sense of the inappropriateness of the word, which almost came the length of laughter. In this sweet air, with such a sense of life about, to suggest such an idea was almost ludicrous. She was so occupied with this that she did not look round to see who the speaker might be. She thought it over, amused, but with some new confusion of the mind. Then she said, "Perhaps I have died too," with a laugh to herself at the absurdity of the thought.

"Yes," said the other voice, echoing that gentle laugh of hers, "you have died too."

She turned round and saw another standing by her, a woman, younger and fairer and more stately than herself, but of so sweet a countenance that her little Pilgrim felt no shyness, but recognised a friend at once. She was more occupied looking at this new face, and feeling herself at once so much happier (though she had been so happy before) in finding a companion who would tell her what everything was, than in considering what these words might mean. But just then once more the recollection of the four walls, with their little pictures hanging, and the window with its curtains drawn, seemed to come round her for a moment, so that her whole soul was in a confusion. And as this vision slowly faded away (though she could not tell which was the vision, the darkened room or this lovely light), her attention came back to the words at which she had laughed and at which the other had laughed as she repeated them. Died?—was it possible that this could be the meaning of it all.

"Died!" she said, looking with wonder in her companion's face, which smiled back to her. "But do you mean —? You cannot mean —? I have never been so well as I am so strong. I have no trouble—anywhere—I am full of life."

The other nodded her beautiful head with a more beautiful smile, and the little Pilgrim burst out in a great cry of joy, and said—

"Is this all! Is it over?—is it all over! Is it possible that this can be all!"

"Were you afraid of it?" the other said.

There was a little agitation for the moment in her heart. She was so glad, so relieved, so thankful, that it took away her breath. She could not get over the wonder of it.

"To think one should look forward to it so long, and wonder and be even unhappy trying to divine what it will be—and this all!"

"Ah, but the angel was very gentle with you," said the young woman. "You were so tender and worn that he only smiled and took you sleeping. There are other ways; but it is always wonderful to think it is over, as you say."

The little Pilgrim could do nothing but talk of it as one does after a great event. "Are you sure, quite sure, it is so?" she said.

"It would be dreadful to find it only a dream, to go to sleep again, and wake up—there—!" This thought troubled her for a moment. The vision of the bedchamber came back, but this time she felt it was only a vision. "Were you afraid too?" she said, in a low voice.

"I never thought of it at all," the beautiful stranger said. "I did not think it would come to me; but I was very sorry for the others to whom it came, and grumbled that they should lose the beautiful earth and life, and all that was so sweet."

"But dear," cried the Pilgrim, "if she had never died, 'oh, but this is far sweeter life and the heart is so light, and it is happiness only to breathe. Is it heaven here? It must be heaven.'"

"I do not know if it is heaven. We have so many things to learn. They cannot tell you everything at once," said the beautiful lady. "I have seen some of the people I was sorry for, and when I told them we laughed—as you and I laughed just now—for pleasure."

"But make me think," said the little Pilgrim; "if I have died, they have found it out. The house will be all dark, and they will be breaking their hearts. Oh, how could I forget them in my selfishness and be happy! I so light-hearted, while they—"

She sat down hastily and covered her face with her hands and wept. The other looked at her for a moment, then kissed her for comfort and cried too. The two happy creatures sat there weeping together, thinking of those they had left behind, with an exquisite grief which was not unhappy, which was sweet with love and pity. "And oh," said the little Pilgrim, "what can we do to tell them not to grieve. Cannot you send, cannot you speak—cannot one go to tell them?"

The heavenly stranger shook her head.

"It is not well they all say. Sometimes one has been permitted; but they do not know you," she said with a piteous look in her sweet eyes. "My mother told me her heart was so sick for me, she was allowed to go; and she went and stood by me, and I did not know her. She came back so sad and sorry that they took her at once to our Father—and there you know she found that it was all well. All is well when you are there."

"Ah," said the little Pilgrim, "I have been thinking of other things. Of how happy I was, and of them—but never of the Father—just as if I had not died."

The other smiled upon her with a wonderful smile.

"Do you think He will be offended? our Father? as if He were one of us?" she said.

And then the little Pilgrim in her sudden grief to have forgotten Him became conscious of a new rapture unexpressed in words. She felt His understanding to envelop her little spirit with a soft and clear penetration, and that nothing she did or said could ever be misconceived more. "Will you take me to Him?" she said, trembling yet glad, clasping her hands. And once again the other shook her head.

"They will take us both when it is time," she said. "We do not go at our own will. But I have seen our Brother—"

"Oh, take me to Him!" the little Pilgrim cried. "Let me see His face! I have so many things to say to Him. I want to ask Him—Oh, take me to where I can see His face!"

And then once again the heavenly lady smiled.

"I have seen Him," she said. "He is always about—now here, now there. He will come and see you perhaps when you are not thinking. But when He pleases. We do not think here of what we will—"

The little Pilgrim sat very still, wondering at all this. She had thought when a soul left the earth that it went at once to God, and thought of nothing more except worshipping and singing of praises. But this was different from her thoughts. She sat and pondered and wondered. She was baffled at many points. She was not changed as she expected, but so much like herself still—still perplexed, and feeling herself foolish, not understanding, toiling after a something which she could not grasp. The only difference was that it was no trouble to her now. She smiled at herself, and at her dulness, feeling sure that by and by she would understand.

"And don't you wonder too?" she said to her companion, which was a speech such as she used to make upon the earth when people thought her little remarks disjointed, and did not always see the connection of them. But her friend of heaven knew what she meant.

"I do nothing but wonder," she said, "for it is all so natural—not what we thought."

"Is it long since you have been here?" the Pilgrim said.

"I came before you—but how long I know not. I cannot tell, for that is not how we count. We count only by what happens to us. And nothing yet has happened to me except that I have seen our Brother. My mother sees Him always. That means she has lived here a long time and well—"

"Is it possible to live ill—in heaven?" The little Pilgrim's eyes grew large as if they were going to have tears in them, and a little shadow seemed to have come over her. But the other laughed softly and restored all her confidence.

"I have told you I do not know if it is heaven or not. No one does ill, but some do little and some do much, just as it used to be. Do you remember in Dante there was a lazy spirit that

stayed at the gates and never got farther? but perhaps you never read that."

"I was not clever," said the little Pilgrim wistfully; "no I never read it. I wish I had known more."

Upon which the beautiful lady kissed her again to give her courage, and said—

"It does not matter at all. It all comes to you whether you have known it or not."

"Then your mother came here long ago!" said the Pilgrim.

"Ah, then I shall see my mother too."

"Oh very soon, as soon as she can come, but there are so many things to do. Sometimes we can go and meet those who are coming, but it is not always so. I remember that she had a message. She could not leave her business you may be sure, or she would have been here."

"Then you know my mother? Oh, and my dearest father too?"

"We all know each other," the lady said with a smile.

"And you? I did you come to meet me—only out of kindness, though I do not know you?" the little Pilgrim said.

"I am nothing but an idler," said the beautiful lady, "making acquaintance. I am of little use as yet. I was very hard worked before I came here, and they think it well that we should sit in the sun and take a little rest and find things out."

Then the little Pilgrim sat still and mused, and felt in her heart that she had found many things out. What she had heard had been wonderful, and it was more wonderful still to be sitting here all alone, save for this lady, yet so happy and at ease. She wanted to sing, she was so happy, but remembered that she was old and had lost her voice, and then remembered again that she was no longer old, and perhaps had found it again. And then it occurred to her to remember how she had learned to sing, and how beautiful her sister's voice was, and how heavenly to hear her: which made her remember that this dear sister would be weeping, not singing, down where she had come from—and immediately the tears stood in her eyes.

"Oh," she said, "I never thought we should cry when we came here. I thought there were no tears in heaven."

"Did you think, then, that we were all turned into stone?" cried the beautiful lady. "It says God shall wipe away all tears from our faces, which is not like saying there are to be no tears."

Upon which the little Pilgrim, glad that it was permitted to be sorry, though she was so happy, allowed herself to think upon the place she had so lately left. And she seemed to see her little room again with all the pictures hanging as she had left them, and the house darkened, and the dear faces she knew all sad and troubled: and to hear them saying over to each other all the little careless words she had said as if they had were out of the Scriptures, and crying if anyone had mentioned her name, and putting on erape and black dresses, and lamenting as if that which had happened was something very terrible. She cried at this and yet felt half inclined to laugh, but would not because it would be disrespectful to those she loved. One thing did not occur to her, and that was that they would be carrying her body which she had left behind her away to the grave. She did not think of this, because she was not aware of the loss, and felt far too much herself to think that there was another part of her being buried in the ground. From this she was aroused by her companion asking her a question.

"Have you left many there?" she said.

"No one," said the little Pilgrim, "to whom I was the first on earth: but they loved me all the same—and if I could only, only let them know—"

"But I left one to whom I was the first on earth," said the other, with tears in her beautiful eyes. "And oh, how glad I should be to be less happy if he might be less sad."

"And you cannot go? you cannot go to him and tell him? Oh, I wish—I!" cried the little Pilgrim—but then she paused, for the wish died all away in her heart into a tender love for the poor sorrowful man whom she did not know; this gave her the sweetest pang she had ever felt, for she knew that all was well and yet was so sorry and would willingly have given up her own happiness for his. All this the lady read in her eyes or her heart, and longed for it, and they took hands and were silent together, thinking of those they had left, as we upon earth think of those who have gone from us, but only with far more understanding, and far greater love. "And have you never been able to do anything for him?" the Pilgrim said.

Then the beautiful lady's face with the most heavenly warmth and light. Her eye ran over like the bursting out of the sun.

"Oh, I will tell you," she said. "There was a moment when he was very sad and perplexed not knowing what to think. There was something he could not understand; nor could I understand, nor did I know what it was until it was said to me, you may tell him. And I went in the early morning before he was awake, and kissed him, and said it in his ear. He woke up in a moment and understood, and everything was clear to him. Afterwards I heard him say, 'It is true that the night gives counsel. I had been troubled and distressed all day long, but in the morning it was quite clear to me.' And the other answered, 'Your brain was refreshed and that made your judgment clear.' But they never knew it was I! That was a great delight. The dear souls! they are so foolish," she cried with the sweetest laughter that ran into tears. "One cries because one is so happy; it is just a silly old habit," she said.

"And you were not grieved, it did not hurt you—that he did not know—"

"Oh, not then; not then! I did not go to him for that. When you have been here a little longer you will see the difference. When you go for yourself, out of impatience because it still seems to you that you must know best, and they don't know you

—then it strikes to your heart; but when you go to help them—  
—ah," she cried, "when he comes how much I shall have to tell him! You thought it was I that kissed you; you thought you were so fresh and clear it was I that kissed you; you thought it your duty to be sad afterwards and were angry with yourself because you had wronged me of the first thoughts of your waking—when it was all mine, all through!"

"I begin to understand," said the little Pilgrim; "but why should they should not see us, and why should we not tell them? It would seem so natural. If they saw us it would make them so happy, and so sure."

"Upon this the lady shook her head.  
"The worst of it is not that they are not sure—it is the parting. If this makes us sorry here, how can they escape the sorrow of it even if they saw us!—for we must be parted. We cannot go back to live with them, or why should we have died! And then we must all live our lives, they in their way, we in ours. We must not weigh them down, but only help them when it is seen that there is need for it. All this we shall know better by and by."

"You make it so clear, and your face is so bright," said our little Pilgrim gratefully, "you must have known a great deal, and understood even when you were in the world."

"I was as foolish as I could be," said the other, with her laugh that was sweet as music; "yet thought I knew, and they thought I knew; but all that does not matter now."

"I think it matters—for look how much you have showed me; but tell me one thing more—how was it said to you that you must go and tell him? Was it some one who spoke—was it—"

Her face grew so bright that all the past brightness was as a dull sky to this. It gave out such a light of happiness, that the little Pilgrim was dazzled.

"I was wandering about," she said, "to see this new place. My mother had come back between two errands she had, and had come to see me and tell me everything; and I was straying about wondering what I was to do, when suddenly I saw some one coming along, as it might be now—"

She paused and looked up, and the little Pilgrim looked up too with her heart beating, but there was no one. Then she gave a little sigh, and turned and listened again.

"I had not been looking for him, or thinking. You know my mind is too light. I am pleased with whatever is before me: and I was so curious, for my mother had told me many things; when suddenly I caught sight of him passing by. He was going on, and when I saw this a panic seized me, lest He should pass and say nothing. I do not know what I did. I hung myself upon His robe, and got hold of it, or at least I think so, I was in such agony lest He should pass and never notice me. But that was my folly. He pass! As if that could be!"

"And what did He say to you?" cried the little Pilgrim, her heart almost aching, it beat so high with sympathy and expectation.

The lady looked at her for a little without saying anything.

"I cannot tell you," she said, "any more than I can tell if this is heaven. It is a mystery. When you see Him you will know. I will be all you have ever hoped for, and more besides, for He understands everything. He knows what is in our hearts about those we have left, and why He sent us for before them. There is no need to tell Him anything; He knows He will come when it is time; and after you have seen Him you will know what to do."

Then the beautiful lady turned her eyes towards the gate, and while the little Pilgrim was still gazing, disappeared from her, and went to comfort some other stranger. They were dear friends always, and often, but not again the same way.

When she was thus left alone again, the little pilgrim sat still upon the grassy mound, quite tranquil and happy, without wishing to move. There was such a sense of well-being in her that she liked to sit there and look about her, and breathe the delightful air, like the air of a summer morning, without wishing for anything.

"How idle I am," she said to herself, in the very words she had often used before she died; but then she was idle from weakness, and now from happiness. She waited for nothing. To be alive was so sweet. There was a great deal to think about in what she had heard, but she did not even think about that, only resigned herself to the delight of sitting there in the sweet air and being happy. Many people were coming and going, and they all knew her, and smiled upon her, and those who were at a distance would wave their hands. This did not surprise her at all, for though she was a stranger, she too felt that she knew them all; but that they should be so kind was a delight to her which she had never told. She sat and mused very sweetly about all that had been told her, and wondered whether she too might go sometimes, and with a kiss and a whisper call up something that was dark in the mind of some one who loved her. "I that never was clever!" she said to herself with a smile. And chiefly she thought of a friend whom she loved, who was often in great perplexity, and did not know how to guide herself amid the difficulties of the world.

The little Pilgrim half laughed with delight, and then half cried with longing to go as the beautiful lady had done, and make something clear that had been dark before, to this friend. As she was thinking what a pleasure it would be, some one came up to her, crossing over the flowery greenness, leaving the path open to her before, with flowing hair all crisped with touches of sunshine, and a dress all white and soft, like the feathers of a white dove. There was something in her face different to that of the other, by which the little Pilgrim knew somehow, without knowing how, that she had come here as a child, and grown up in this

celestial place. She was tall and fair, and came along with so musical a motion, as if her foot scarcely touched the ground, that she might have had wings; and the little Pilgrim indeed was not sure as she watched, whether it might not perhaps be an angel; for she knew that there were angels among the blessed people who were coming and going about, but had not been able yet to find one out. She knew that this new comer was coming to her, and turned towards her with a smile and a throb at her heart of expectation. But when the heavenly maiden drew nearer, her face, though it was so fair, looked to the Pilgrim like another face, which she had known very well—indeed like the homely and troubled face of the friend of whom she had been thinking. And so she smiled all the more, and held out her hands and said, "I am sure I know you," upon which the other kissed her and said—"We all know each other; but I have seen you often before you came here," and knelt down by her among the flowers that were growing, just in front of some tall lilies that grew over her, and made a lovely canopy over her head. There was something in her face that was like a child—her mouth so soft as if it had never spoken anything but heavenly words; her eyes brown and golden as if they were filled with light. She took the little Pilgrim's hands in hers, and held and smoothed them between her own. These hands had been very thin and were now, but now, when the Pilgrim looked at them, she saw that they became softer and whiter every moment with the touch of this immortal youth.

"I know you were coming," said the maiden. "When my mother has wanted me I have seen you there. And you were thinking of her now—that was how I found you."

"Do you know then what one thinks I?" said the little Pilgrim, with wondering eyes.

It is in the air, and when it concerns us it comes to us like the breeze. But we who are the children here, we feel it more quickly than you."

"Are you a child?" said the little Pilgrim, "or are you an angel? Sometimes you are like a child; but then your face shines and you are like — you must have some name for it here; there is nothing among the words I know." And then she passed a little, still looking at him and crying, "Oh, if she could see you, little Margaret! That would be her most good of all."

Then the maiden Margaret shook her lovely head. "What does her most good is the will of the Father," she said.

At this the little Pilgrim felt more than that thrill of expectation and awe. "Oh, child, you have seen Him?" she cried.

And the other smiled. "Have you forgotten who they are that always behold His face? We have never had any fear or trembling. We are not angels, and there is no other name; we are the children. There is something given to us beyond the others. We have had no other home."

"Oh, tell me, tell me!" the little Pilgrim cried.

Upon this Margaret kissed her, putting her soft cheek against hers, and said, "It is a mystery; it cannot be put into words; in your time you will know."

"When you touch me you change me, and I grow like you," the Pilgrim said. "Ah, if she could see us together, you and me! And will you go to her soon again? And do you see them always when they are doing? and take care of them?"

"It is our Father who takes care of them, and our Lord who is our brother. I do His errands when I am able. Sometimes He will let me go, sometimes another, according as it is best. Who am I that I should take care of them? I serve them when I may."

"But you do not forget them?" the Pilgrim said, with wistful eyes.

"We love them always," said Margaret. She was more still than the lady who had first spoken with the Pilgrim. Her countenance was full of a heavenly calm. It had never known passion nor anguish. Sometimes there was in it a far-seeing look of vision, sometimes the simplicity of a child. But what are we in comparison? For he loves them more than we do. When He keeps us from them it is for love. We must each live our own life."

But it is hard for them sometimes," said the little Pilgrim, who could not withdraw her thoughts from those she had left.

"They are never forsaken," said the angel maiden.  
"But oh! there are worse things than sorrow," the little Pilgrim said; "there is wrong, there is evil, Margaret. Will not He send you to step in before them, to save them from wrong?"

"It is not for us to judge," said the young Margaret, with eyes full of heavenly wisdom; "I am Brother sent to all in His hand. We do not read their hearts, like Him. Sometimes you are permitted to see the battle—"

The little Pilgrim covered her eyes with her hands. "I could not—I could not! unless I knew they were to win the day."

"They will win the day in the end. But sometimes, when it is being lost, I have seen in His face a something—I cannot tell—more love than before. Something that seemed to say, 'My child, my child, would that I could do as I wish, my child!'"

"Oh! that is what I have always felt," cried the Pilgrim, clasping her hands; her eyes were dim, her heart for a moment almost forgot its blessedness. "But He could—Oh, little Margaret! He could! You have forgotten—Lord, if thou wilt thou canst—"

The child of heaven looked at her mutely, with sweet grave eyes, in which there was much that confused her who was a stranger here; and once more softly shook her head.

"Is it that He will not, then?" said the other with a low voice of awe. "Our Lord, who died—He—"

"Listen," said the other, "I hear His step on the way."

The little Pilgrim rose up from the mound on which she was sitting. Her soul was confused with wonder and fear,

Thus it was that before the Lord came to her the sweetness of her first blessedness was obscured, and she found that here too, even here, though in a moment she should see Him, there was need for faith.

It seemed to her that all that she had ever hoped for was fulfilled when she met the look in His eyes. At first it seemed too bright for her to meet, but next moment she knew it was all that was needed to light up the world, and in it everything was clear. Her trembling ceased, her little frame grew inspired; though she still knelt her head rose erect, drawn to Him like the flower to the sun. She could not tell how long it was, nor what was said, nor it was in words. All that she knew was that she told Him all that ever she had thought, or wished, or intended in all her life, although she said nothing at all; and that He opened all things to her, and showed her that everything was well, and no one forgotten; and that the things she would have told Him of were more near His heart than hers, and those to whom she wanted to be sent were in His own hand. But whether this passed with words or without words she could not tell. Her soul expanded under His eyes like a flower. It opened out, it comprehended and felt and knew.

And then He laid a hand upon her head, which seemed to fill her with currents of strength and joy running through all her veins. And then she seemed to come to herself saying loud out, "And that I will! and that I will!" and so, she was kneeling on the warm, soft soil alone, and hearing the sound of His footsteps as He went about His Father's business, filling all the air with echoes of blessing.

Why did she say, "And that I will! and that I will!" with such fervor and delight? She could not have told but yet she knew. The first thing was that she had yet to wait and believe until all things should be accomplished, neither doubting nor fearing, but knowing that all should be well; and the second was that she must delay no longer, but rise up and serve the Father according to what was given her as her reward. When she had recovered a little of her rapture she rose from her knees, and stood still for a little to be sure which way she was to go. And she was not aware what guided her, but yet turned her face in the appointed way without any doubt. For doubt was now gone away for ever, and that fear that once gave her so much trouble lest she might not be doing what was best. As she moved along she wondered at herself more and more. She felt no longer, as at first, like the child she remembered to have been, venturing out in the awful lovely stillness of the morning before any one was awake; but she felt that to move along was a delight, and that her foot scarcely touched the grass, and that her whole being was instinct with such lightness of strength and life that it did not matter to her how far she went, nor what she carried, nor if the way was easy or hard. The way she chose was one of those which led to the great gate, and many met her coming from thence, with looks that were somewhat bewildered, as if they did not yet know whether they going or what had happened to them. Upon whom she smiled as she passed them with soft looks of tenderness and sympathy, knowing what they were feeling, but did not stop to explain to them, because she had something else that had been given her to do. For this is what always follows in that country when you meet the Lord, that you instantly know what it is that He would have you do.

The little Pilgrim thus went on and on towards the gate, which she had not seen when she here came through it, having been lifted in His arms by the great Death Angel, and set down softly inside, so that she did not know it, or even the shadow of it. As she drew nearer the light became less bright, though very sweet, like a lovely dawn, and she wondered to herself to think that she had been here but a moment ago, and yet so much had passed since then. And still she was not aware what was her errand, but wondered if she was to go back by these same gates, and perhaps return where she had been. She went up to them very closely, for she was curious to see the place through which she had come in her sleep, as a traveller goes back to see the city gate, with its bridge and portcullis, through which he has passed by night. The gate was very great, of a wonderful, curious architecture, and strange, delicate arches and canopies above. Some parts of them seemed cut very clean and clear; but the outlines were all softened with a sort of mist and shadow, so that it looked greater and higher than it was. The lower part was not one great doorway, as the Pilgrim had supposed, but innumerable doors, all separate and very narrow, so that she could pass at a time, though the arch inclosed all, and seemed filled with great folding gates, in which the smaller doors were set, so that if need arose a vast opening might be made for many to enter. Of the little doors many were shut as the Pilgrim approached; but from moment to moment, one after another, would be pushed softly open from without, and some one would come in. The little Pilgrim looked at it all with great interest, wondering which of the doors she had herself come by; but while she stood absorbed by this, a door was suddenly pushed open close by her, and some one flung forward into the blessed country, falling upon the ground, and stretched out wild, wild arms, as though to clutch the very soil. This sight gave the Pilgrim a great surprise, for it was the first time she had heard any sound of pain, or seen any sight of trouble, since she entered here. In that moment she knew what it was that the dear Lord had given her to do. She had no need to pause to think, for her heart told her; and she did not hesitate as she might have done in the other life, not knowing what to say. She went forward, and gathered the poor creature into her arms, as if it had been a child, and drew her quite within the land of peace—for she had fallen across the threshold, so as to hinder any one entering who might be coming after her. It was a woman, and she had flung herself upon her face, so that it was difficult for the little Pilgrim to see what manner of person it was,

for though she felt herself strong enough to take up this new comer in her arms and carry her away, yet she forbore, seeing the will of the stranger was not so. For some time this woman lay motionless, with now and then a great sob shaking her as she lay. The little Pilgrim had taken her by both her arms, and drawn her head to rest upon her own lap, and was still holding the hands, which the poor creature had thrown out as if to clutch the ground. Thus she lay for a little while, as the little Pilgrim remembered she herself had lain, not wishing to move, wondering what had happened to her; and then she clutched the hands which grasped her; and said, muttering—

"You are some one new. Have you come to save me? Oh, save me! Oh save me! Don't let me die!"

This was very strange to the little Pilgrim, and went to her heart. She soothed the stranger, holding her hands warm and light, and stooping over her.

"Dear," she said, "you must try and not be afraid."

"You say so," said the woman, "because you are well and strong. You don't know what it is to be seized in the middle of your life, and told that you've got to die. Oh, I have been a sinful creature! I am not fit to die. Can't you give me something that will cure me? What is the good of doctors and nurses if they cannot save a poor soul that is not fit to die?"

At this the little Pilgrim smiled upon her, always holding her fast, and said—

"Why are you so afraid to die?"

The woman raised her head to look who it was who put such a strange question to her.

"You are some one new," she said. "I have never seen you before. Is there any one that is not afraid to die? Would you like to have to give your account all in a moment, without any time to prepare?"

"But you have had time to prepare," said the Pilgrim.

"Oh, only a very little time; and I never thought it was true. I am not an old woman, and I am not fit to die; and I'm poor. Oh, if I were rich, I would bribe you to give me something to keep me alive. Won't you do it for pity?—won't you do it for pity? When you are as bad as I am, oh, you will perhaps call for one to help you, and find nobody, like me."

"I will help you for love," said the little Pilgrim. "Some one who loves you has sent me."

The woman lifted herself up a little and shook her head. "There is nobody that loves me." Then she cast her eyes round her and began to tremble again (for the touch of the little Pilgrim had stilled her). "Oh, where am I?" she said. "They have taken me away; they have brought me to a strange place; and you are new. Oh, where have they taken me?—where am I?—where am I?" she cried. "I have brought me here to die!"

Then the little Pilgrim bent over her and soothed her. "You must not be so much afraid of dying; that is all over. You need not fear that any more," she said, softly; "for here where you now are we have all died."

The woman started up out of her arms, and then she gave a great shriek that made the air ring, and cried out, "Dead I am! dead I am!" with a shudder and convulsion, throwing herself again wildly with outstretched hands upon the ground.

This was a great and terrible work for the Pilgrim—the first she had ever had to do—and her heart failed her for a moment; but afterwards she remembered her Brother who sent her, and knew what was best. She drew closer to the new comer and took her hand again.

"Try," she said, in soft voice, "and think a little. Do you feel now so ill as you were? Do not be frightened, but think a little. I will hold your hand; and look at me; you are not afraid of me."

The poor creature shuddered again, and then she turned her face and looked doubtfully with great dark eyes at her, and the brow and cheek so curved and puckered round them that they seemed to glow out of deep caverns. Her face was full of anguish and fear. But as she looked at the little Pilgrim her troubled gaze softened. Of her own accord she clasped her other hand upon the one that held hers, and then she said with a gasp—

"I am not afraid of you; that was not true that you said? You are one of the sisters, and you want to frighten me and make me repent!"

"You do repent," the Pilgrim said. "Oh," cried the poor woman, "what has the like of you to do with me? Now I look at you I never saw any one that was like you before. Don't you hate me?—don't you loathe me? I do myself. It's so ugly to go wrong. I think now I would almost rather die and be done with it. You will say that it is because I am going to get better. I feel a great deal better now. Do you think I am going to get over it? Oh, I am better! I could get up out of bed and walk about. Yes, but I am not in bed; where have you brought me? Never mind, it is a fine day. I shall soon get well here."

The Pilgrim was silent, for a little, holding her hands. And then she said—

"Tell me how you feel now," in her soft voice.

The woman had sat up and was gazing round her. "It is very strange," she said; "it is all confused. I think upon my mother and the old prayers I used to say. For a long time I always said my prayers; but now I've got hardened, they say. Oh, I was once as fresh as any one. It all comes over me now. I feel as if I were young again—just come out of the country. I am sure that I could walk."

The little Pilgrim raised her up, holding her by her hands; and she stood and gazed round about her, making one or two doubtful steps. She was very pale, and the light was dim; her eyes peered into it with a scared yet eager look. She made another step, then stopped again.



"I am quite well," she said. "I could walk a mile. I could walk any distance. What was that you said? Oh, I tell you I am better! I am not going to die."

"You will never, never die," said the little Pilgrim; are you not glad it is all over? Oh I was so glad! And all the more you should be glad if you were so much afraid."

But this woman was not glad. She shrank away from her companion, then came close to her again, and gripped her with her hands.

"It is your—fun," she said, "or just to frighten me; perhaps you think it will do me no harm as I am getting so well—you want to frighten me to make me good. But I mean to be good without that—I do!—I do! when one is so near dying as I have been and yet gets better—for I am going to get better? Yes! you know it as well as I."

The little Pilgrim made no reply, but stood by looking at her charge, not feeling that anything was given her to do; and she was so new to this work that there was a little trembling in her heart, lest she should not do everything as she ought. And the woman looked round with those anxious eyes gazing all about. The light did not brighten as it had done when the Pilgrim herself first came to this place. For one thing they had remained quite close to the wall and she could throw a shadow. The woman looked at that, and then she looked into the dim morning, and she did not know where she was, and her heart was confused and troubled.

"Where are we?" she said. "I do not know where it is; they must have brought me here in my sleep—where are we? How strange to bring a sick woman away out of her room in her sleep! I suppose it was the new doctor," she went on, looking very closely in the little Pilgrim's face, then paused, and drawing a long breath, said softly, "It has done me good. It is better air—it is—a new kind of cure!"

But though she spoke like this she did not convince herself: her eyes were wild with wondering and fear. She gripped the Pilgrim's arm more and more closely, and trembled, leaning upon her.

"Why don't you speak to me?" she said; "why don't you tell me? Oh I don't know how to live in this place! What do you do—how do you speak? I am not fit for it. And what are you? I never saw you before nor any one like you. What do you want with me? Why are you so kind to me? Why—why—?"

And here she went off into a murmur of questions. "Why? why?—?" always holding fast by the little Pilgrim, always gazing round her, groping as it were in the dimness with her great eyes.

"I have come because our dear Lord, who is our Brother, sent me to meet you, and because I love you," the little Pilgrim said.

"Love me!" the woman cried, throwing up her hands, "but no one loves me. I have not deserved it." Here she grasped her close again with a sudden clutch, and cried out, "If this is what you say, where is God?"

"Are you afraid of Him?" the little Pilgrim said.

Upon which the woman trembled so that the Pilgrim trembled too with the quivering of her frame—then loosed her hold and fell upon her face, and cried—

"Hide me! Hide me! I have been a great sinner. Hide me that He may not see me," and with one hand tried to draw the Pilgrim's dress as a veil between her and something she feared.

How should I hide you from Him who is everywhere? and why should I hide you from your Father?" the little Pilgrim said. This she said almost with indignation, wondering that any one could put more trust in her, than she had no better than a child, than in the Father of all. But, then she said, "Look in your heart and you will see you are not so much afraid as you think. This is how you have been accustomed to frighten yourself. But look now into your heart. You thought you were very ill at first, but not now; and you think you are afraid, but look in your heart—"

There was a silence, and then the woman raised her hand with a wonderful look, in which there was amazement and doubt, as if she had heard some joyful thing but dared not yet believe that it was true. Once more she hid her face in her hands, and once more raised it again. Her eye scinted, a long sigh or gasp, like one taking breath after drowning, shook her breast. Then she said, "I think—that is true. But if I am not afraid it is because I am hardened. Oh, should not I fear Him who could send me away from this place?" And she hid her face again. And then she gave a great cry, but held the little Pilgrim all the while with her arms, which seem to plead and ask for better news.

Then there came into the Pilgrim's heart what to say, and she took up her woman's age and her woman's gown. "That is the change," she said, "that comes when we come here. We are not afraid any more of our Father. We are not all happy—perhaps you will not be happy at first. But if He says to you, go—even to that place you speak of—you will know that it is well, and you will not be afraid. You are not afraid now—oh, I can be it in your eyes. You are not happy, but you are not afraid. You know it is the Father. Do not say God, that is far-off—the little Pilgrim, the little Pilgrim, the little Pilgrim, clasped in her arms. And here came into her soul an ecstasy, and tears that were tears of blessedness fell from her eyes, and all all about her there seemed to shine a light. When she came to herself, the woman who has her charge had come quite close to her, and had added her other hand to that the Pilgrim held, as we weeping, and saying, "I am not afraid," with now and then a gasp and sob, like a child who after a passion of tears has been soothed and comforted. Then she said, "I am not afraid, I am not afraid to own that all is well again. Then the Pilgrim kissed her and bade her rest a little, for given she herself felt shaken, and

longed for a little quiet, and to feel the true sense of the peace that was in her heart. She sat down beside her upon the ground and made her very little for a little against her shoulder, and thus she remained very still for a little, saying no more. It seemed to her that she was alone, and that she was alone, and perhaps it was so, after so much agitation. All this time there had been people passing, entering by the many doors. And most of them passed a little to see where they were, and looked round them as they went on; and it seemed to the little Pilgrim that according to the way by which they entered each took a different way. While she was thus, a woman came in by the same door as that at which the woman who was with her came in. And he too stumbled and looked about him with an air of great wonder and doubt. When he saw her seated on the ground, he came up to her hesitating as one in a strange place who does not know what to do. He saw that she was a woman, and he came with a preference of smiling, though his countenance was pale and scared, and drawing his breath quick, "I ought to know where I am, but I have lost my head, I think. Will you tell me which is—the way?"

"What way," said the little Pilgrim, for her strength was gone from her, and she had no word to say to him. He looked at her with that bewilderment on his face, and said, "I find myself strange, strange. I ought to know where I am; but it is scarcely daylight yet. It is perhaps foolish to come out so early in the morning." This he said in his confusion, not knowing where he was, nor what he said.

"I think all the ways lead to our Father," said the little Pilgrim (though she had not known this till now). "And the dear Lord walks about them all. And you never go astray."

Upon this the stranger looked at her, and asked in a faltering voice, "Are you an angel?" still not knowing what he said.

"May I sit by your side a little?" said the man. He sat down

drawing long breaths as though he had gone through great fatigue; and looked about with wondering eyes. "You will wonder, but I do not know where I am," he said. "I feel as if I must be dreaming. This is not where I expected to come. I looked for something very different; do you think there can have been any—mistake?"

"Oh, never that," she said; "there are no mistakes here."

Then he looked at her again, and said—  
 "I perceive that you belong to this country, though you are

"I perceive that you belong to this country, though you say you are a pilgrim. I should be grateful if you would tell me. Does one live—here? And is this all? Is there no—no—? but I don't know what word to use. All is so strange, different from what I expected."

"Do you know that you have died?"

"Yes—yes, I am quite acquainted with that," he said, hurriedly, as if it had been an idea he disliked to dwell upon. "But then I expected—Is there no one to tell you where to go, or what you are to be—? or to take any notice of you?"

The little Pilgrim was startled by his tone. She did not understand its meaning, and she had not any word to say to him. She looked at him with as much bewilderment as he had shown when he approached her, and replied, faltering—

"There are a great many people here; but I have never heard

"What does it matter how many people there are if you know none of them?" he said.

"We all know each other," she answered him : but then paused and hesitated a little, because this was what had been said to her, and of herself she was not assured of it, neither did she know at all how to deal with this stranger, to whom she had not any commission. It seemed that he had no one to care for him, and the little Pilgrim had a sense of compassion, yet of trouble, in her heart : for what could she say ? And it was very strange for her to see one who was not content here.

"Ah, but there should be some one to point out the way, and tell us which is our circle, and where we ought to go," he said. And then he too was silent for a while, looking about him as all are fain to do on their first arrival, finding everything so strange. There were people coming in at every moment, and some were met at the very threshold, and some went away alone with peaceful faces; but there were many groups about talking together in soft voices; but no one interrupted the other, and though some were talking of some one, it was as clear as if it had spoken alone, and there was no tumult of sound as when many people assemble together in the lower world.

The little Pilgrim wondered to find herself with the woman who had been on her one side, and the man seated silent on the other, neither having, it appeared, any guide but only herself who knew so little. How was she to lead them in the path which she did not know?—and she was exhausted by the agitation of her struggle with the woman whom she felt to be her charge. But in this moment of silence she had time to remember the face of the woman who had given her this commission, and her heart strengthened. The man all this time sat and watched, looking eagerly all about him, examining the faces of those who went and came; and sometimes he made a little start as if to go and speak to some one he knew; but always drew back again and looked at the little Pilgrim, as if he had said, "This is the one who will serve me now." He spoke no more again, after this. "What, I suppose you are one of the guides that show

"No," said the little Pilgrim, anxiously, "I know so little! It not long since I came here. I came in the early morning—"

"Why, it is morning now. You could not come earlier than it now. You mean yesterday."

"I think," said the Pilgrim, "that yesterday is the other side ; there is no yesterday here."

He looked at her with the keen look he had, to understand her the better, and then he said:  
 "No division of time?" I think that must be monotonous. It will be strange to have no night; but I suppose one gets used to everything. I hope though there is something to do. I have always lived a very busy life. Perhaps this is just a little pause before we go—to be—to have—to get our—appointed place."

He had an uneasy look as he said this, and looked at her with an anxious curiosity, which the little Pilgrim did not understand. "I do not know," she said softly, shaking her head. "I have so little experience. I have not been told of an appointed place."

The man looked at her very strangely.

"I did not think," he said, "that I should have found such ignorance here. It is not well known that we must all appear before the judgment seat of God!"

These words seemed to cause a trembling in the still air, and the woman on the other side raised herself suddenly up, clasping her hands; and some of those who had just entered heard the words and came and crowded about the little Pilgrim, some standing, some falling down upon their knees, all with their faces turned towards her. She who had always been so simple and small, so little used to teach; she was frightened with the sight of all these strangers crowding, hanging upon her lips, looking to her for knowledge. She knew not what to do or what to say. The tears came into her eyes.

"Oh," she said, "I do not know anything about a judgment seat. I know that our Father is here, and that when we are in trouble we are taken to him to be comforted, and that our dear Lord our Brother is among us every day, and every one may see Him. Listen," she said, standing up suddenly among them, feeling strong as an angel. "I have seen Him! I though I am nothing, so little as you are, and often silly, never clever as some of you are, I have seen Him! and so will all of you. There is no more that I know of," she said softly, clasping her hands. "When you see Him it comes into your heart what you must do."

And then there was a murmur of voices about her, some saying that was best, and some wondering if that were all, and some crying if He would but come now—while the little Pilgrim stood among them with her face shining, and they all looked at her, asking her to tell them more, to show them how to find Him. But this was far above what she could do, for she was not much more than a stranger, and had little strength. She would not go back a step, nor desert those who were so anxious to know, though her heart fluttered almost as it had used to do before she died, with that her longing to tell them, and knowing that she had no more to say.

But in that land it is never permitted that one who stands bravely and fails not shall be left without succour; for it is no longer needful there to stand even to death, since all dying is over, and all souls are tested. When it was seen that the little Pilgrim was thus surrounded by so many that questioned her, there suddenly came about her many others from the brightness out of which she had come, who, one going to one hand, and one to another, safely led them into the ways in which their course lay; so that the Pilgrim was free to lead forth the woman who had been given her in charge, and whose path lay in a dim, but pleasant country, outside of that light and gladness in which the Pilgrim's home was.

"But," she said, "you are not to fear or be cast down, because He goes like-wise by those ways, and there is not a corner in all this land but He is to be seen passing by; and He will come and speak to you, and lay His hand upon you; and afterwards everything will be clear, and you will know what you are to do."

"Stay with me till he comes—oh, stay with me," the woman cried, clinging to her arm.

"Unless another is sent," the little Pilgrim said. And it was nothing to her that the air was less bright there, for her mind was full of light, so that, though her heart still fluttered a little with all that had passed, she had no longing to return, nor to shorten the way, but went by the lower road sweetly, with the stranger hanging upon her, who was stronger and taller than she. Thus they went on, and the Pilgrim told her all she knew, and everything that came into her heart. And so full was she of the things she had to say, that it was a surprise to her, and left her trembling, when suddenly the woman took away her clinging hand, and flew forward with arms outspread and a cry of joy. The little Pilgrim stood still to see, and on the path before them was a child, coming towards them singing, with a look such as is never seen but upon the faces of children who have come here early, and who behold the face of the Father, and have never known fear nor sorrow. The woman flew and fell at the child's feet, and he put his hand upon her, and raised her up, and called her "mother." Then he smiled upon the little Pilgrim, and led her away.

"Now she needs me no longer," said the Pilgrim; and it was a surprise to her, and for a moment she wondered in herself if it was known that this child should come so suddenly and her work be over; and also how she was to return again to that sweet place among the flowers from which she had come. But when she turned to look if there was any way, she found One standing by such as she had not seen. This was a youth, with a face just touched with manhood, as at the moment when the boy ends and all is still fresh and pure in the heart; but he was taller and greater than a man.

"I am sent," he said, "little sister, to take you to the Father, because you have been very faithful, and gone beyond your strength."

And he took the little Pilgrim by the hand, and she knew he was an angel; and immediately the sweet air melted about them into light, and a bright aura upon her of all thought and all sense, attending till she should receive the blessing, and her new name, and see what is beyond telling, and all that and understand. —*Macmillan's Magazine*.

#### PROFESSOR LIONEL BEALE, F.R.S., ON MODERN SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT.

A CROWDED meeting of the members of the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute, — a Society founded to investigate all scientific questions, including any said to militate against Religious Belief—took place at No. 7 Adelphi Terrace, London, on the 15th of May, when Professor Lionel Beale, F.R.S. President (1881) of the Microscopical Society, read a paper. He commenced by alluding to the varied opinions that existed among scientific men, as to whether the hypotheses upon which modern scientific opinion in favour of some form of the physical doctrine of life were based are worthy of acceptance. He himself confessed that he was among those who held "that no form of the living world to mere matter and its properties has been, or can be, justified by reason." He added—"I would draw attention to the declaration again and again repeated, and now taught even to children, that the living and the non-living differ only in degree, that the living has been evolved by degrees from the non-living, and that the latter passes by gradations towards the former state. No one has adduced any evidence in proof of these conclusions, which are, in fact, dictatorial assertions only, and no specimen of any kind of matter which is actually passing from the non-living to the living state, or which can be shown to establish any connexion between these absolutely different conditions of matter, has been, or can be at this time, brought forward. Between purely vital and purely physical actions not the faintest analogy has been shown to exist. The living world is absolutely distinct from the non-living world, and, instead of being a necessary outcome of it, is compared with the antiquity of matter, probably a very recent addition to it—not, of course, an addition of mere transformed or modified matter and energy, but of transcendent power conferred on matter which controls, regulates, and manages both matter and its forces accordingly, it may be, to laws, but not the laws of inert matter. It is not only one or two of the positions assumed by the materialist that are open to doubt or objection. Facts completely controvert all materialistic views which have been put forward. To be condemned as untenable is the doctrine that there is a relationship between non-living and living matter, or that the term molecular mechanism can be applied to the former. The simple truth is, that the essential phenomena of all living beings cannot be explained without recourse to some hypothesis of power totally different from any of the known forms or modes of energy. Anyone who allows his reason to be influenced by the facts of nature as at present discovered will feel obliged to admit the existence of vital power as distinct from, and capable of controlling, the ordinary forces of non-living matter. It has been conclusively shown that the laws of vital forces or power are essentially different from those by which ordinary matter and its forces are governed." The author then referred to Nature as explained by the Materialist: "A Nature which was really a blind, insatiable irresistible force, falsely called law, destitute of intelligence and reason, devoid of mercy and justice, as the nature held up for our admiration, with the consoling assurance of dictatorial authority that it sprang from chaos in obedience to everlasting self-originating (?) law, and that it will return to chaos, in obedience to the same,—all life, and work, and thought being but the undulations of cosmic nebulousity, and dependent upon the ceaseless gyrations of infinite, everlasting atoms, as they bound through the ages from void to void. This the dullest, the narrowest, the most superficial of all creeds,—materialism, which includes some mixture of antitheism and atheism of various forms and hues,—has been half accepted by hundreds of persons during the last few years. I believe all materialistic doctrines, vary as they may in detail, will be found to agree in accepting as a truth,—if, indeed, they are not actually based on it,—the monstrous assumption that the living and the non-living are one, and that every living thing is just as much a machine as a watch, or a windmill, or a hydraulic apparatus. According to the material contention, everything owes its existence to the properties of the material particles out of which it is constructed. But is it not strange that it never seems to have occurred to the materialistic devotee neither the watch, nor the steam engine, nor the windmill, nor the hydraulic apparatus, nor any other machine known to, or made by, any individual in this world, is dependent for its construction upon the properties of the material particles of the matter out of which its several parts have been constructed!" Several new Australian and American subscribers were announced, making the total strength of the Institute 960.

## THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION.

A LECTURE BY WILLIAM DENTON, SPECIALLY REPORTED  
FOR THE "HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

No Science of Judaism is possible. The Religion that endorses miracle, science can never endorse. Science cannot possibly see how a man could be made out of dust in a moment; how a woman could be made out of bone; how a stick could be turned into a snake, and swallow other snake-transformed sticks, and yet be no larger than it was before, and then turn back to a stick again. Science can never conceive how the walls of a city could be blown down by the blast of ram's horns. These things are inconceivable to science. The Religion that endorses them of course can never be endorsed by science, and Religion must cut off the miraculous element before science can accept it. It is just so with Christianity. Many people expect perhaps that science must endorse Christianity, and they are expecting every day that science will. But I think there is as great a difficulty, if not a greater difficulty, in this case than in the other. Miracle enters very largely into Christianity. Its founder was miraculously begotten, and went about working miracles, was raised from the dead by a miracle, ascended to heaven miraculously, and his religion is now kept up by continual miracle; by this I mean in the estimation of those who accept Christianity as a true religion. Now science can never accept these miraculous features of Christianity. If science is ever to endorse Christianity, Christianity will have to cut off these miraculous features, and it will do it some day beyond all question. It is only a matter of time. Tell a scientific man the story of a multitude of five thousand fed on five loaves and a few small fishes; he will say, "What? a multitude of five thousand fed on five loaves and a few fishes! why, there is some mistake here. You mean that there were five thousand loaves and a few fishes that fed the multitude." "No, nothing of that kind; five thousand people fed with five loaves." "Ah, well! the loaves must have been very large," says the scientific man, "each loaf must have been as large as a furniture-van, and the fishes must have been like our great sharks, twenty or thirty feet long." "Oh, no! nothing of the kind; the loaves were carried by a lad, and the fishes were small, and twelve baskets of fragments were gathered up after the people had all eaten." "Well, but the fragments," says the scientific man, "were more than the original loaves and fishes?" "Certainly." "But how could that be? the parts can never be greater than the whole that produced them, or from which they were taken; that is entirely out of the question," and a man can see at once that if we are to accept religion we must cut off such miraculous elements as these, and I may say here that they are no essential part of religion, they have no more necessary connection with religion than the story of Jack the Giant-killer has, they have no more to do with making men and women religious than the stories that were told us in our babyhood in regard to fairies; in fact, they very much stand in the way of religion.

On the other hand, there are persons who tell us that no science of religion is possible, because religion is superstition, and you might as well talk of a science of bigotry as a science of superstition. Now, my position lies between these two. I see clearly that a science of religion is possible, and I say to the miraculous religionist—Religion is natural, religion is not supernatural; it grows out of the mental nature of man, his relations to others, his relation to the Infinite Spirit, and his relation to that world which is the blossom and the fruit of which this world is the bud. To the man who tells me that religion is superstition I say—Religion is no more superstition than music is discord. If men did not try to make music, in consequence of the musical element that enters into their mental composition, discord would be unknown and unrecognized. So if men did not try to be religious, by virtue of the religious elements that enter into their mental composition, there would be no such thing as superstition, which is merely the shadow of religion. Now you will see what I mean when I say that religion

is natural, and that a science of religion is possible. I say, look at the mental constitution of man as Phrenology recognises it, and Phrenology to me is the science of Mind, just as truly as Geology is the science of the Rocks, and the best mental philosophy that leaves out Phrenology leaves out the very soul and the very essence, and is the very poorest kind of a composition. Now, Phrenology to me has been demonstrated, I have had subjects over and over again thrown into the mesmeric state, and I could call out the various organs of the human brain, sometimes without touching them, by merely pointing at them, when the person was in a sound mesmeric sleep, and manifestations would be made by the individual corresponding with that portion of the brain to which my finger was pointed, and I found in most cases that these manifestations were in harmony with the faculties originally discovered by Gall, and proved by Spurzheim, by Combe, and by others who have worthily labored in this field. I take then man's mental structure as Phrenology reveals it. I discover that we have animal propensities, propensities that are common to the beasts that are below us, essential to the existence of our bodies in this condition of being. Then come the intellectual faculties proper, the faculties that bring us into relation with the outer world, and the exercise of which makes the artist,—Form, Color, Number, Size, and Constructiveness; the reasoning faculties, Comparison and Causality, that enable us to reason and to compare, and then last of all, but most important of all, the moral and religious sentiments, the crowning glory of the man, the highest of all because they are the most important of all. I look at a man's body, and see how the organs increase in importance as we ascend from the ground. The fingers are much more important than the toes, the arms than the legs, the head infinitely more important than either the lungs, heart, stomach, or liver, and the highest of all the organs are these religious organs. Highest of all the religious faculties is the organ of Veneration, that when it is large induces men to believe in the existence of the Infinite Spirit, and from their heart of hearts to adore Him. If religion is only another name for superstition, then I wish to know why these faculties that cause man to be religious are the very highest faculties that belong to the human being. This is inconceivable if religion is only superstition. These faculties very worthily occupy the high and exalted position that is accorded to them. They lift us out of the dust, and they ally us to the high, the holy, the noble, and the divine. These are the faculties above all that ennoble, that dignify, that make man-like and God-like the man and the woman that possesses them. It is these faculties that make man a lover in the truest, the highest, the best sense of the word; nothing short of absolute purity and absolute righteousness can satisfy these high and these holy faculties of the human brain. I take the position that man is a religious being in consequence of his possession of these faculties, and that all religions are the outgrowth of man's nature in his attempts to satisfy these religious elements, that are thus a part of his nature. Let us suppose that the brain of a man was laid bare to the inhabitants of another world, he would say: Why, the people of that world are musical. I perceive that they have the organs of Time and Tune. I perceive they have Ideality and Sublimity. These people I know, although I have heard no music from them, are a musical people. He would also say—here are the religious faculties, and I know that they must be a religious people. Here is Veneration, and Conscientiousness, here is Hope, and Benevolence, Spirituality, and Credibility, here are all the faculties that go to make up a truly religious character, and although their religious faculties are small, not quite so well developed as they are in us, and they may be superstitious, because there is a lack of development in the front brain and the side brain, after all they are a religious people. And this man from another world would be right. We are a religious people. By virtue of our nature we are thus religious, and it is by studying these various organs, that Phrenology demonstrates to be a portion of the human brain, that we can learn, too,

what religion is most in harmony with our nature. We can learn in fact the Science of Religion, and we can learn it truly in no other possible way.

First of all comes Veneration, highest of all, the crowning glory of the man. This is that organ which recognises, as I said before, the Infinite, the Eternal, and the Intelligent Spirit. The most important thing about a man is his spirit. It is that in fact which makes him a man. And that in the Universe which is most important is its spirit. It is that which gives symmetry to the crystal, gives the beauty and the fragrance to the rose, it is that which gives intelligence to the man; the spirit, the soul of this universe, without which it were absolutely dead, and you and I could never have had being. It was this faculty that inspired Jesus to say, "Our Father who art in heaven;" it was this that inspired Theodore Parker to pray, "Our Father and our Mother, Infinite God, we thank Thee for this handsome Spring morning;" it was this too that inspired Moore when he sang—

"Thou art, Oh God, the light and life  
Of all this wondrous world we see;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night  
Are but reflections caught from Thee.  
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine."

When men have this faculty large, they cannot be atheists. When they have it small, and very small, they are not to blame for it, but they are not model men; their opinion on religion is not to be taken, because they cannot look at the universe with the right kind of eyes, any more than a blind man can see colors. The man is not to blame for being blind, nor do I blame those men who cannot recognise the Infinite Spirit, or the spirit which exists in man. I have no harsh words for them. They are our brothers; we put out to them the hand of brotherhood, and we clasp their hands, and would do our best to help them. But we cannot make them models for us; their heads are too fat; they are not finished yet; that portion of their brains which enables man to see religiously is not yet developed, and they are not the proper kind of men to teach us on the subject of religion, and it would be well always to bear this in mind. Our eyes depend very much upon the kind of brain that looks through them, and you must always take this into account in calculating how much a man's opinion in reference to religion is worth. But I must not deal longer with this faculty. Next comes Spirituality, once called marvellousness, very near the centre of the brain, very near the crown, and very near it in importance. This is the faculty that enables a man, when it is large, intuitively to recognise that he is a spirit, and that he shall survive death. He needs no physical manifestations to convince him. Why, he says, I know that I shall live again. You ask him how he knows, and he probably cannot tell you, but he knows it because his Spirituality is large, that allies him with the spiritual realm. The faculty is not particularly large in me, and yet there are times when I can sense the presence of my mother. If I could see her and shake hands with her in the form, I should hardly have more demonstrative evidence of her existence than that sense that comes to me of her presence and of her love, and let me tell you that this sense of the presence of our spiritual friends is a very great comfort to human beings, a very great assistance to them in temptation and in the hour of trial, and that faculty in man that thus brings the spiritual world so near to us and enables us to recognise its existence is a faculty that we ought to cultivate. We find it in all ages and among all peoples, and it only needs to be developed in harmony with our reason and judgment, which is never to be laid on one side, to bring to us the greatest of all blessings. It was this faculty in Jesus, in whose brain it was quite large, that enabled him to say "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also." It was this that inspired Socrates, and nerved him to drink the cup of hemlock with a smile, and to philosophise while death was seizing his vitals. It was this that enabled him to tell his

friends that they might bury Socrates if they could catch him; but he knew very well they never could catch Socrates.

It was this that inspired Paul to say "We know that when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." When this faculty is very small, a man needs the very strongest kind of evidence to give him any assurance of a future life. Show him the strongest physical manifestations to-day, and to-morrow he will want to see them over again. He would need an angel at his elbow every minute to keep him perfectly satisfied in reference to this subject. He is not to be blamed for this at all; the faculty in him is small, and he needs therefore constant exterior assurances to give him anything like confidence upon this subject. Then comes another important religious sentiment, conscientiousness,—a voice that is forever sounding in our inner ears. "Do right, Do right,"—when we do right, crowning us,—when we do wrong, lashing us for our misdeeds. This has been called "the voice of God," and it is a voice we ought to listen to at all times, listen to its faintest whispers. It is an angel forever attending us to keep us from doing wrong, and to strengthen and impel us in the way that we believe to be right. But please to remember that conscience is blind. Many people talk about conscience as if it was a law of right; by no means, conscience is absolutely blind. Teach a man that anything is right, I don't care what, and conscience says "do it;" whatever it is that you believe to be right, "do it." The reason, the judgment must at all times decide what is right, and hence the necessity all the time of cultivating these reasoning faculties to help the religious faculties. They must go hand in hand together in order to make the best kind of character. Conscientiousness in the Jewish brain led the writer to say "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." It gives that strong condemnation of sin that runs thro' a considerable portion both of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, and they are among the best passages to be found in those books. I have no wholesale denunciation for Judaism or Christianity. I have no wholesale denunciation for either the Bible or the New Testament. There are good elements in all these books as there are in all religions. But I cannot blind myself to their faults, and in order to be just, in order to obey my law of conscientiousness that teaches me to do right I believe it to be my duty to point out the faults of these religions, to point out the faults of these so-called sacred books, for if somebody does not do it, we are going to remain behind-hand and in ignorance and darkness forever, and that would be the worst thing that could happen to us, and the most contrary to what I conceive to be the demand of an absolutely true religion. To be right we must conscientiously obey this law within us, but our reason and our judgment must inform our conscientiousness, and then they go hand in hand together, and carry blessings wherever they go. Then comes that very large and very important organ of benevolence, the well-wishing, the good-doing faculty. When a man has this part of his head high, then he delights in doing good. Doing good is his meat and drink. Wherever he goes he opens his hand, and his purse if need be, and he contributes blessings and receives blessings in return. Jesus must have had that faculty very large. He went about, we are told, doing good; his rule of conduct was "love thy neighbour as thyself." This is the loving faculty. When this faculty is very large, we have that charity that hopeth all things, believeth all things, that endureth all things. When it is combined with large Ideality, it makes a very loving and a very beautiful character. It has inspired some of the best poetry in the English language. It must have been large in the head of John Critchley Prince who wrote:—

"My religion is love; 'tis the noblest and purest;  
My temple the Universe, wisest and surest;  
I worship my God through his works that are fair;  
And the joy of my heart is perpetual prayer.  
I wake to new life with the coming of Spring,  
When the lark is aloft with a featherless wing;  
When the thorn and the woodbine are bursting with buds,  
And the throats are heard in the depths of the woods."



When the verdure grows bright where the rivulets run,  
 And the eye of the dairy looks up to the sun.  
 When the iris of April expands o'er the plain,  
 And a blessing comes down in the drops of the rain,  
 When the skies are as pure, and the breezes as mild,  
 As the smile of my wife, and the kiss of my child.  
 When Summer in fulness of beauty is born,  
 I love to be out by the blush of the morn,  
 And to pass in the field where the mower is blithe,  
 Keeping time with a song to the sweep of his scythe.  
 At meridian I love to revisit the bowers,  
 Mid the murmur of bees, and the breathing of flowers;  
 And there in some sylvan and shadowy nook;  
 To lay myself down by the brink of the brook;  
 When the coo of the ring-dove sounds soothingly near,  
 And the light laugh of childhood comes sweet to my ear.  
 In the calm reign of Autumn I'm happy to roam,  
 When the peasant exults in a fall harvest home;  
 When the boughs of the orchard with fruitage incline,  
 And the clusters are ripe on the stem of the vine.  
 When Nature puts on the last smiles of the year,  
 And the leaves of the forest are mellow and sere;  
 When the lark quits the sky, and the linnet the spray,  
 And all things are clad in the garb of decay.  
 Even Winter to me hath a thousand delights,  
 With its short gloomy days and its long starry nights;  
 And I love to go forth ere the dawns to inhale  
 The health-breathing freshness that floats on the gale.  
 When the sun riseth red on the crest of the hill,  
 And the trees of the woodland are hoary and still;  
 When the motion and sound of the streamlet are lost  
 In the icy embrace of mysterious frost.  
 When the hunter looks on the shelterless moor,  
 And the robin looks in at the cottager's door,  
 And the Spirit of Nature hath folded her wings,  
 To cherish the seeds of all glorious things;  
 There's a harvest of beauty in all that I see,  
 For a leaf, or a stone, is a treasure to me.  
 And the fast-gushing joy that I fancy I feel,  
 Are more than the language of song can reveal.  
 Did God set his fountains of light in the skies,  
 That man should look up with the tears in his eyes?  
 Did God make this earth so abundant and fair,  
 That man should look down with a groan of despair?  
 Did God fill this world with harmonious life,  
 That man should go forth with destruction and strife?  
 Did God scatter freedom o'er mountain and wave,  
 That man should exist as a tyrant or slave?  
 Away with so hopeless, so joyless a creed!  
 For the soul that believes it is darken'd indeed."

Now such poetry as that has its inspiration in this very organ of Benevolence, and those organs of Ideality and Sublimity so closely associated with it, and that part of religion alone is very often mistaken for the whole, so important is it generally considered. But it is not the whole of religion. Religion without it would be a body without a soul, a sham, a mere shadow compared with the glorious and beautiful substance. But I must not neglect another important organ, and that is Hope,—“Hope that springs eternal in the human breast.” When a man has Hope large, it constantly keeps him up. Like a cork, he is forever floating on the surface, though sorrow and want may be constantly aiming to drag him down. Hope places a beautiful rainbow across the sky forever in sight, assuring us that no deluge of sorrow and trouble shall ever be able to drown the human soul. Then comes Credibility, or Faith. Our religious people, especially Christian people, put it, first, I put it last. It is that which enables us to believe; very valuable, very important, but most sadly abused; always to be strictly in harmony with the reason and with the judgment. Without this we are apt to believe the most foolish and the most absurd things, and regard these foolish and absurd things as the most important things in the world. When Veneration is large, and Credibility large, they together make that superstition which is so very frequently mistaken for religion, under the influence of which the Mahomedan travels to Mecca though he may have to go twelve thousand miles to get there; when he arrives there he goes round the Kaaba, the Holy place, seven times; he passes into the interior, and he sees the black stone that he is assured fell from heaven, and with awe and adoration he kisses that black stone as millions have kissed it before him. But just such black stones we have in our Museum, that we know have fallen from Heaven, but they cause no such sensations in our souls. So the Roman Catholic travels to Rome, visits St. Peter's, sees the brazen statue of St. Peter and kisses the brazen toe which the kisses of the faithful have worn away almost to nothing; with tears in his eyes he looks upon a piece

of the wood of the true cross, never dreaming that there is enough in the world to make a man-of-war if it were all put together. Now if the reasoning faculties do not go with these religious faculties, especially when they are large and dominant, they produce superstition, which as I have said before is not religion but its shadow, and holds about the same relation to religion that discord does to music. You who have followed me so far will now see what it is that makes man a religious being. It is the possession of these faculties, and just as man in gratifying his musical faculties, has made organs and pianos, just as he employs performers of music, so exactly it has been in the matter of religion, we have made bibles and prayer-books and employed ministers; only there is this great difference that we have never regarded music as miraculous, we have never got up creeds in reference to music, and never made any music-book infallible, and sworn never to make any better music than that music book held. We have not been so foolish in that. But we have done that very thing in reference to religion. Instead of regarding it as natural, we have believed it to be miraculous. Instead of looking upon it as a part of ourselves and coming from ourselves, we have set it away off on the summit of some misty mountain, we have made the religious ideas of people who lived thousands of years ago authority for us, the books they wrote we have claimed to be divine, and then we have cursed the men who dared to advance new religious ideas, and carry us ahead. When a man gets up a new song, or a new machine, to reduce human toil, we say “bless that man;” but when a man advances a new idea on religion, we have said “Curse you! how dare you be any wiser than Moses? What business have you to know more than Jesus? We will put you in prison, we will burn you, for daring to advance further than the men who went before you.” We have been educated in this way. But it does not follow that this way is right. It is possible to advance in religion just as in music, in art, in mechanics, and we have every reason to believe that men will be more religious in the coming time, will have better conceptions of religion than they ever had in the time that is gone.

Now you will see some other consequences that follow from this. You will see why there are such differences in religions. Take the Egyptians. The Egyptians had a very large organ of Spirituality. That part of the brain was large in them. What was the result? The result was that the Egyptian religion exhibited a very large amount of Spirituality. All the people of Egypt were believers in a life after death; they lived in the future, the future life was an ever present reality to them, and they were constantly preparing and providing for it. But take the Jew. The Jew has very small Spirituality, but large Veneration; which is well exemplified in the Psalms of David, that contain many very beautiful passages inspired by this faculty. But Spirituality was very defective in the Jewish head, and hence in the Old Testament you hardly find anything about future life. Most Jews saw no deeper than the bottom of the grave, and they seem to have had scarcely any conception of a life after death. Those people among them who held intercourse with the Spirits of the departed they regarded as very wicked people; they denounced them, and even put them to death; for they said they had familiar spirits. I don't know why people should not have familiar spirits. My mother is my familiar spirit, and why should she not be? And why should not you have familiar spirits? the spirits of your friends who have departed, and who still desire to keep up their acquaintance with you. But the Jews denounced these people, and put them to death, mainly I think in consequence of this small development of Spirituality. It was to the larger development of this faculty in Paul—to whom Christianity, in its present form, owes more in some respects than it does to Jesus, that the larger amount of Spirituality in Christianity is owing. It is in this respect very far ahead of Judaism; and so if you will take the brains of the different people that you meet, you will find their religions to correspond with their mentality, and we thus get at scientific facts that are eminently valuable to us in trying to understand the subject of religion. There is another thing,

too, that you will recognise, that all people are more or less religious. Religious people generally divide people into two classes; the one people religious, the other people irreligious, whom they call "wicked" people, and the common notion is that these people have no religion at all, and that the "religious" people have got it all. I don't believe that for a moment. The fact is, all people are religious. The man does not live that is not more or less musical; so the man lives not who is not more or less religious. Show me the man who does not believe anything, does not hope anything, love anything, who never speaks the truth and never did a good turn in his life, and then I will show you the man who is not religious. But the man is not to be found. He has never yet been born. All people, everywhere are more or less religious. Some people are more religious than others; some portions of the religious faculties are well developed, while other portions are not, and you will find some people who manifest a great deal of what people call religion, and at the same time they are exceedingly defective in other respects. A man can be very pious Godwards, and "very twisty manwards," that is, he can have large Veneration, look upwards, pray to God, and talk to his potatoes before he eats them, and for all that may be a very immoral man. We see this in several cases. David was a thief, a liar, a murderer, an adulterer, one of the meanest of mankind in many ways. If he was here, and did as he used to do, he would not be out of prison for a week, and yet David was a religious man, a very religious man in some respects. Hear him, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork; day unto day uttereth speech; night unto night sheweth knowledge." Some of the most beautiful things that have ever been written under the inspiration of Veneration came from that very man, liar as he was, brutal and bloody as he was, for he was all these. There were those two sides of his character; and there are many people in the pulpit who are just like that, not so bad, because we would not allow it,—but they are bad in their way, and they are good in their way. Some of the religious faculties are large, others small; their baser faculties are large and active. Sometimes the man is swayed by the religious faculties, and sometimes by the others. Paul recognised that there was that in him which pointed to what was right, and on the other hand that in him which was constantly dragging him down, and we are all subject to this; we need the aid of these higher and purer faculties to keep down the lawless propensities that are for ever trying to get into the saddle and drive us to destruction, as they would do if we gave them a chance. But we must not give them a chance. True manhood, consists largely in mastering these lower propensities; it says—"down, I am master."—It is this that makes men and women of us, prepares us for this world, and fits us for the next.

A great deal that passes for religion is not religion; a great deal that is not claimed as religion is after all the very best kind of practical religion. The temperance reformers of this city are doing as good religious work as any persons in it, but it does not go by that name. I have in my pocket a little work, the Church of England prayer book; I see here the Articles of Religion. Many think that they embody the very principles, the very soul of religion. But I really do not find that such is the case. I look over these articles of religion, and find that most of them have nothing whatever to do with religion. I will read you one of them. The third article says we must believe that Jesus went down into hell. That is one of the articles of religion, I am told. Well, how much religion is there in believing that Jesus descended into hell? Would it make me or any other person more religious by believing than by disbelieving that? We naturally say went to hell! why, what did he go to hell for? If he went to liberate the souls there, that were very good work; but he would need to go every morning to liberate those that went in the day before, and one visit to hell would be of very little practical account. Some people tell me that the word hell does not mean hell. It is a very strange word that different meanings words have among some religious people; they never put the kind of meanings to words that other people do. Hell means the grave we are told. Well,

what did Jesus go into the grave for? How long did he stay there? And is there any good reason to shew for believing in this? Such articles are sorry stuff and are in no way connected with religion. I then turn to another of these "Articles of Religion," and I find there that three creeds, the Nicene Creed, the Apostles' Creed, and the Creed of St. Athanasius, must be received and believed, because they can be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture. Well, because a thing can be proved by a certain warrant of Holy Scripture, must I believe it?

Then I should have to believe that man was made in a moment out of dust, that woman was made out of one of his ribs, and in this age of science we cannot very well believe that; it really is impossible. If you were to say I should be damned if I did not swallow a horse at a single bite, that would not help me a bit. It depends on the width of my gullet; your statement would not make the horse any smaller or my gullet any wider, and if you tell me that if I do not believe this I shall be lost, then I say,—lost I must be. The Creed of St. Athanasius "which in damning souls is so very spacious," begins thus—"Whosoever will be saved, it is necessary before all things that he hold the Catholic Faith, which faith except everyone do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly." Probably many of you never read this but if it is true, your everlasting salvation depends upon it, and you ought to make acquaintance with it before you go to sleep to-night. You see how much depends upon it. Unless you swallow this creed, you will be lost, and that everlastingly. What is this Creed? "The Catholic Faith is this, that we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity; neither confounding the Persons, nor dividing the Substance. For there is one Person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost." If you confound the Persons, you are gone; if you divide the substance, you are equally gone. You will need to be very careful indeed. "The Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God. And yet they are not three Gods, but one God." And if you don't believe this, without doubt you shall perish everlastingly. "The Father is God?" says a common sense man. "Yes." "And the Son is God?" "Yes." "And the Holy Ghost is God?" "Yes." "The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost all God?" "The Father is the Son then?" "Oh no; separate personalities. You must not confound the persons, or else you are gone." "The Holy Ghost is the Father?" "No." "The Son?" "No." "But then there are three Gods?" "No; only one or you are lost." "Then the Father is a part of God and the Son another part and the Holy Ghost a third part." "No, no; now you are dividing the substance and you will surely be lost." But there they are, and there they stand; we cannot make them into one. But that is not the worst. "God consists of three persons, does he not?" and each of them God." "Yes." "Father, Son and Holy Ghost?" "Yes." "Then there are three and each is God, there cannot be less than three Gods. And the Son is God?" "Yes." "And God consists of three persons each of them God?" "Yes." "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost?" "Yes." "Well, there are three and this makes six. Then the Holy Ghost is God?" "Yes." "And God consists of three persons?" "Yes." "Then there are three more. Nine in all. And each of them God, and God is three persons,—Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Three times nine is twenty-seven. Millions of them before we stop, billions of them before we get through, and if you don't believe that, without doubt you will perish everlastingly." What a condition we must be in to be sure. In order to believe that, we must have different heads. People talk about a change of heart, it is a change of head that is wanted. We shall need an inch-and-a-half of the front part of the brain cut off, and then some of the other faculties increased not a little, and then you may get your Spiritual gullet wide enough to say I believe it. But I defy you to do it even then. Think of men of brains and intelligence going about the country confirming people in such stuff as this. They might as well confirm them in the story of Jack and the Beanstalk,—just as wise, just as sensible, and just as religious as the other.

My brothers, I am here to-night to assure you that Religion has no necessary connection with these childish things. They belong to the childhood, and the babyhood of the race. When the race was young it believed in fairies, it believed in great giants sixty feet high, believed in devils with hoofs and horns, believed in hells of sulphurous flames. We are growing out of all that. We are beginning to learn what religion is, and what it demands of us. I recognise religious truth even in that little book (the prayer book) I am not here to condemn it wholesale. I am not here to say there is nothing good in Episcopalianism. Nothing of the kind. Some noble men, some lovely women, some of the best of the race, have belonged to that Church with all its absurdities. So with the Roman Catholic Church. Some of the noblest men that ever trod this planet have belonged to that Church. Let us deal fairly by religions everywhere. They all contain good elements. There are good men, and good women belonging to these Churches, professing to believe in all these creeds. But Religion is something deeper, broader, higher, and more vital than this. It is part of our God-given nature, and it is in this sense divine, and it is our duty to cultivate it until our whole lives becomes imbued with its blessed influence. Then it will lift us in the scale of being, make us better men and women, better husbands and wives, and fitly prepare us for the life of the great hereafter.

### REMINISCENCES.

By H. V. S.

No. V.

In my last I traced my religious history until my belief was reduced to what Dr. Moorhouse would describe as the "thinnest theism." I can scarcely say how long I remained in this state of mind; I occasionally lingered over the memory of times past, and lamented the loss of that peace—sombre and lifeless though it was—which I had known in the days of my early unquestioning faith. Professor Tyndall makes a very forcible allusion to this kind of peace, which certainly "passeth all understanding," towards the close of his famous Belfast address; he said, "It is perfectly possible for you and me to purchase intellectual peace at the price of intellectual death. The world is not without refuges of this description, nor is it wanting in persons who seek their shelter and persuade others to do the same. I would exhort you to refuse such shelter, and to scorn such base repose; to accept, if the choice be forced upon you, commotion before stagnation; the leap of the torrent before the stillness of the swamp. In the one there is at all events life, and therefore hope; in the other, none." I was conscious that the peace I had known had been purchased at the price above indicated; yet still there were times when I would have re-purchased that peace, at the same price, but I would not.

As yet it appeared to me that I had gained nothing to compensate for the loss I had sustained of peace that was born of credulity. I had no belief in a future life; I was continually groping in the darkness of my unreasonable scepticism for some reliable foundation for such a belief. Science declares that matter, although subject to innumerable mutations, is indestructible. I have often thought to myself, shall matter, which to my comprehension is subservient to, and exists for, mind, endure for ever, and mind become nothing? I had become familiar with most of the "stock arguments" against Sadduceism. Tenyson's lines—

"Eternal process moving on  
From state to state the Spirit walks;  
And these are but the shattered stalks,  
The ruined chrysalis of one."

Are beautiful in a poetic light; but unfortunately for the butterfly argument, the wonderful transformation, so far as we can understand, is of matter only; the same (living) matter that went into the chrysalis, comes out of it; and, more unfortunate still, the butterfly dies! very shortly after its resurrection.

Some of the most forcible arguments in favour of a future life that I have met with are to be found in the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," a book

that was furiously howled at from pulpits of all denominations when it issued from the press (although the author's name remains in obscurity. Tyndall ranks him with the leading scientists of the 19th century). I am tempted to produce one or two of the arguments referred to. The author says—"The system of Nature assures us that benevolence is a leading principle in the Divine Mind. But that system is at the same time deficient in a means of making this benevolence of invariable operation. To reconcile this to the character of the Deity, it is necessary to suppose that the present system is but a part of a whole, a stage in the great progress, and that the redress is in reserve." Again, he says—"The economy of Nature, beautifully arranged and vast in its extent as it is, does not satisfy even man's idea of what might be; he feels that if this multiplicity of theatres for the exemplification of such phenomena as we see on Earth were to go on for ever unchanged, it would not be worthy of the Being capable of creating it. An endless monotony of human generations, with their humble thinkings and doings, even though liable to certain improvement, seems an object beneath that august Being."

Acknowledging the force of these arguments, and regarding the mind of man as the masterpiece of the Creative Power, we should naturally look to the mind of man for the development of any higher object than "an endless monotony of human generations." But then the question arises, may not this "certain improvement" lead, in countless future ages, to some grander object than we have any conception of? and may not each succeeding generation, impelled by that "eternal process moving on" unconsciously make an imperceptible advance towards that grand object, and disappear like the coral life which rears an island out of the ocean, alike unconscious of the purpose of its existence and the object of the work it is doing. The island will one day be clothed with verdure, and become a theatre of life, in which the coral will have no part. The human brain and mind have been evolved from the humblest forms of life; may not that which would be equally grand in comparison be evolved from the human brain and mind? When and where does evolution stop? Thus I sifted and analysed even what I regarded as the best arguments I had met with in support of man's immortality; still my scepticism was now better regulated, and my inclination was to believe that the probabilities were in favour of a future life; but evolution almost swallowed up this inclination. I found it more difficult to dispose of the question I put to myself, viz., "Is it reasonable to believe that matter will endure for ever, and that mind will become nothing?" than I did to find flaws in more elaborate arguments. This simple question presented itself to my mind in various forms: 1. The original. 2nd. Do I know what mind is? no more than I know what the Deity is. 3. Can I conceive any process by which it can be reduced to nothing? As well might I try to describe eternity in figures. 4. Do I know how anything can become nothing? When I am able to explain how there came to be anything, and grasp the infinite, I may be able to answer yes. 5. Is it easier to form a conception of my consciousness becoming nothing than of its remaining for ever? Not one whit.

Reflections of this nature made me less of a Sadducee; I was obliged to regard the question of a future life as an open one; on the negative side of course there could be no evidence; on the affirmative side possibly there might be. Knowledge that would convince me negatively or affirmatively on this momentous question I held to be unattainable; however, I gave attentive consideration to everything that seemed to have any reasonable relation to this grave subject. I was an attentive observer at death-bed scenes (but these I shall pass over). Amongst those who had been long known to me, I found some ready to give testimony which I am sure was to them certain proof of a life beyond the grave. I also made a point of closely questioning several persons with whom I came in contact who had been so near death as to have lost (as far as could be known) all bodily sensation. I will give account of some of these enquiries in my next.

## EXPERIENCE.

BY G.S.C.

I wish to tell the readers of the *Harbinger* some of my experiences that were directly and indirectly connected with the materialization of spirits through the mediumship of Mr. George Spriggs in Melbourne. But to make what I have to say plain and intelligible I must first inform them that I have a daughter whose age is about fourteen years. And who at the age of eleven years, obtained and still obtains, that phase of mediumship termed Psychography or direct writing. Her controls being led by one who gives the name of Jane N—, and is aided by a little daughter of mine who died some four or five years ago. Those two spirits being her regular controls; others come, write, and depart. But those seem with her always. They always address me in the direct writing with terms of the greatest love. "Jane" addresses me as "George," and my little daughter as "Daddie." The foregoing will make what I have to say more easily understood as my narrative proceeds. I made application to the proper persons to have a sitting with Mr. Spriggs and received a favorable reply, to the effect that if I came down I could have that pleasure. Accordingly in the month of May last I proceeded to Melbourne, and took up my quarters at the house of a friend, who was, and is, a member of the circle, and who I shall designate as Mrs. A. Mrs. A. is a Medium, for on the day of the proposed sitting, I, in company with another person was engaged in conversation, when Mrs. A. interrupted us with "Hush, there is somebody here belonging to you Mr. C." She seemed to listen, "she (using the feminine gender on account, as I suppose, from what she heard,) says her name is 'Jane,' and she wants to speak to you." I said, addressing the invisible one "What do you want?" Mrs. A. listened, and then she said "Annie is here with me and is going to the circle with you to-night, and it is her intention to try and show herself." I said "Very well, I hope 'Annie' will be able to do so." Nothing more of any consequence occurred just then. In the evening I went to the circle which is held in the reading room of the V. A. Spiritualists. There is no use of my recapitulating all that transpired. As your readers are well acquainted with the chief points through reading your faithful descriptions of what does occur. The room, the Cabinet, if "Cabinet" the hanging curtain can be called. All that I could say would only be a repetition of what has been said a number of times before. I shook hands with "Geordie," felt his forehead, looked into his eyes, received a rose from his hand. Saw him write a number of words on a piece of paper, and then come and placed the paper in my hand. Saw him and the medium at the same time. Saw him stoop over the medium and kiss him. Heard the kiss quite distinctly. Saw "Peter." Spoke to him. Received a reply. Asked me where I came from. I said Y—h. He said he had heard the name before. Then said there was a spirit there (meaning at the circle some time before) who once lived in Y—h. After a while he said the name of the spirit was R . . d. I said I knew him. He spoke to me about my daughter the medium, to be careful of her; giving me a deal of advice, a great deal of which was taken down in shorthand by a gentleman present. Other spirits materialized: two females, adults, and a little girl "Lillie." The last being very impressive and beautiful in the extreme. After the disappearance of "Lillie" two or three of the members of the circle commenced in a low tone of voice to sing. And while doing so a voice said to belong to an Indian Spirit named "Skiwaukee," was heard behind the curtain addressing the circle and visitors. I having travelled over a great deal of the American Continent, and having been among the Indians some time, recognised the tones and the voice of an Indian, if not an Indian voice, then a splendid imitation. After a few moments the voice addressed me as "Chief" and spoke about "Big Papoose," "Young Squaw." He said "Squaw," to make me understand he meant young woman. He spoke about my daughter's mediumship, and gave me advice as to its development, and then continued something in this strain, "Chief, little girl here,

come to-night, wanted to show herself to her Daddie, but could not, very sorry," and more to the same effect. I thanked him for what he had told me, and told him it would be carefully followed out as far as regarded my daughter's mediumship. The voice then bade us all good night, and the circle dispersed. On arriving with my friend at her residence, and while sitting talking in company with another person about what I had seen and heard that evening at the circle, Mrs. A., who was sitting on a sofa, was suddenly taken possession of by some influence, and then the words "George," "George," I thought at once what was the matter, so answering, I said "what is it?" "Annie could not show herself." I said why? "She did not know the way. She had not sufficient power. And then, George be kind to F . . y (meaning my daughter, the medium.) She is a good girl." I said, "I am kind." She said, "not always, for you whipped her (alluding to as I supposed, when F . . y played truant from school I chastised her.) You should not hurt F . . y. You hurt me. Yes, you hurt me George." And the tears commenced to flow down Mrs. A.'s cheeks. I said something to pacify the control, and asked why she had not been with F . . y this last few weeks. She said she had been with her but had done no writing. I said "I am going home on Monday, and on the following evening I will get F . . y to sit for direct writing. I will not tell F . . y anything that has occurred down here until after the sitting. I want you and Annie to come that night and write, will you?" "Yes George, I will be with you Tuesday night, and write for F . . y."

Monday, I started for home; on arriving I did not tell any member of my family nor any one else what had transpired to me relative to the sitting I had with Mr. Spriggs. Nothing was said by me, and therefore I was more fully convinced at what happened in my own house as being the result of something outside of ourselves.

On Tuesday evening, the evening appointed between me and F . . y's controls, I told F . . y that I wished her to come into the front room, as I wanted her to sit for direct writing. Accordingly we sat at the table, F . . y and myself, no other person being in the room; having sat about ten minutes, her controls made their presence known with the following words, written automatically. "Good evening Daddie. We are here as we said we would. We will write in the direct." F . . y placed the slate (after I had cleaned it and had put a small grain of pencil on it) under the table holding the slate by the right hand. She at the same time sitting sideways to the table, so that the rest of her person was visible except the hand holding the slate, the left hand resting on the top of the table. After a moment or two I distinctly heard a scratching sound under the table, like writing or the movement of a pencil on a slate, and in a short time the slate was pushed out as it always seemed to me to be, and the following was found written in plain legible characters in even lines across the slate.

"George, was it not wonderful to you to see spirits walk out and talk to you. Annie tried to show herself but could not. She will do so by and bye when F . . y gets older. Jane—Annie—"

I have written the foregoing as I deemed it my duty to do so. My daughter's mediumship substantiates the truth of Mr. Spriggs' mediumship, and both are substantiated by the mediumship of Mrs. A., the whole forming a chain where there is not the shadow of a weak link, in the evidence that I was the fortunate recipient of. Thanks to an earnest investigating mind, I can rest satisfied in the fullest hope, the fullest knowledge that our friends, our loved ones who have crossed the river, can, and do visit us, and show the greatest anxiety to convince us that they are not dead but as much alive if not more so than us mortals of earth.

## SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN IMPRESSIONAL MEDIUM.

ONE fine still evening during the summer of 1879, while leaning in a contemplative mood over the garden gate of a house in Spring Street where I then resided,



I was surprised by an experience altogether new to me, and which I can only describe as a succession of wave-like vibrations passing through my frame from my head downwards. They were several times repeated, each time gaining in strength. A few evenings later on I had a similar experience, and having heard and read a little of Spiritualism it struck me that these peculiar sensations might possibly be some initial form of manifestation. After a conversation upon the subject with the lady of the house, Mrs. S——, we agreed to buy a planchette and see what would come of it. At first I tried the planchette by myself for about twenty minutes without any results. Next Mrs. S—— tried it by herself for fully three-quarters of an hour, when it was again a failure. The following evening after tea I tried it once more, and in about ten minutes it commenced to move, making a number of lines, curves, and circles. Later on the same evening it wrote J.W.G., the initials of a friend of mine who had been dead a few years. After the same and other initials had been written several times the lines and curves were resumed for the remainder of the sitting. Mrs. S—— also succeeded in getting a little writing after, I think, her third trial. We next relinquished the planchette and tried holding the pencil in the usual way, letting our hands rest lightly on the table. In this way we got a number of initials and names in full of deceased relatives and friends. I may here mention that both of us at all times while the writing was going on experienced a feeling in our arms similar to a tight muscular contraction. We got different hand writings, some cramped, others bold and free, and some written so quickly that they were quite illegible. One day Mrs. S—— was sitting for messages by herself in her own room when she was told by the writing what had been written to me in another part of the house. This was the first evidence that awoke me to the fact that an independent intelligence was at work. Some time after this occurred Mrs. S——, acting, I believe, upon the advice of some Roman Catholic ladies, friends of hers, gave up sitting for the writing. I, however, continued my sittings for several months, during which time I received a great number of both good and bad messages. Finally, I got a message advising me to discontinue sitting for the writing, which advice I acted upon with some reluctance, because of not having received any information as to whether the spirits had other means by which they could communicate with me. Some months after this I was sitting one afternoon reading in the Public Library when I again experienced the peculiar vibrations, already referred to, passing through me. Sitting quiet for a few minutes to see what would come of it I suddenly became aware that some spirit was speaking to me by impression, and for fully half an hour I, so to speak, listened to a fluent and connected address which embodied a great deal of good advice and much needed encouragement, I being at the time in low circumstances and spirits. This means of communication, I am happy to say, the spirits still continue to use, the impressions are now clearer, and frequently imparted without the accompanying vibrations. Amongst many other evidences, which would occupy too much space in narrating, that these impressions are not the work of my imagination, as some wise ones will have it, I received news of the death of a young gentleman in Ireland, a Mr. Thomas Pounder, weeks before the arrival of the mail which brought the newspaper containing the announcement of his death.

I was now developed as a pulsatory medium. The pulsations or throbings came on my temples, arms, and different parts of my body, and are used by the spirits as signals when they want me to keep quiet to receive impressions, or, when reading, to dwell upon or revert to some passage they wish me to take particular notice of. This development was followed by another phase of mediumship which I do not understand, and have never, as far as I can recollect, seen any reference to it in any of the many works I have read upon Spiritualism. I refer to what must be an unpleasant feeling sometimes experienced by persons sitting close to me. The aim nearest me is moved in a jerky spasmodic manner, and in some instances the persons appear to

experience a general feeling of restlessness. All who have been affected in this way have been conscious that the influence emanated from me, and have stared at me with marked astonishment in their features. A few weeks ago I attended one of Mr. Milner Stephen's healing meetings at the Horticultural Hall. While there a young lady who sat alongside me became so restless that she after a little time changed her seat. I am under the impression that the lady clairvoyant who was present saw the spirit who influenced the young lady. If she still recollects the circumstance it would be interesting to know what she observed. I am anxious to have some light thrown upon this phase of mediumship as the spirits who use it are either unable or unwilling to give me any information upon the subject. I may state that while the persons are being influenced I experience in the arm next them something like a muscular contraction accompanied by a slight quivering motion. Both this and the pulsatory phase of mediumship continue with me, and are, I think, growing in strength.

My latest mediumistic development is exceedingly interesting. It consists of beautiful miniature views, in perfectly natural colours, of different objects, landscapes, and people. These I see when I am awake, but with my eyes closed. Amongst the first that were presented to me were a moonlight scene, a piece of statuary, and a man on a look-out post. None of those presented to me at first conveyed any meaning to my mind. They were, I imagine, merely initiatory efforts. They have lately become deeply interesting, each view portraying an event which in every instance is fulfilled the following day. At first when people appeared in any of the views they were invariably in a position which concealed their faces. The faces are now presented, but are the least distinct portions of the views. They, however, are gradually becoming clearer. All other things, men, women, horses, houses, trees, &c., are beautifully distinct, and are, as I have said, presented in perfectly natural colours. The people and animals do not remain stationary, but move about just as people and animals in life do.

Considerations of space bid me conclude. Another time I will write a few descriptions of these views and other experiences.

For the encouragement of those who are unable to attend circles I may state that during the whole time these different phases of mediumship have been developing I have never once sat in a circle.

C. R.

The following in reference to Mr. Denovan's forthcoming book appears under the head of "Local Talent," in the *Bendigo Advertiser* of November 18th:—"It will also be seen from our advertising columns that another well-known public man an old Bendigoian, Mr. W. D. C. Denovan, is about to enter the list as an author and on a subject of considerable interest, 'The Evidences of Spiritualism.' The work is a large one of some 700 pages, with illustrations, and is to be published about Christmas. As Mr. Denovan is well acquainted with the subject he writes about, considerable interest is being taken in the forthcoming volume, and our readers will not be surprised to hear that many of the principal residents have ordered copies in advance. The local agents are Mr. Wenborn, Pall Mall, and Mr. Robshaw, Mitchell-street.

This month we present our readers with a Christmas supplement, containing nearly the whole of the beautiful story of "The Little Pilgrim," as published in "Macmillan's Magazine" for May last, and favourably commented on in our August issue. A continuation of the story under the title of "The Little Pilgrim goes up Higher," appears in the same magazine for September, and we understand it will be still further continued. "Macmillan's Magazine" is a first-class monthly journal, published in London and New York, and any of our readers who desire to subscribe to it can do so through George Robertson, of this city.

## MR. ELIZABETH WATSON.

THE above talented inspirational speaker who is to succeed Mr. Denton as lecturer for the Victorian Association of Spiritualists, arrived at Sydney on the 18th ult., and gave her first discourse in Australia at the Sydney Unitarian Church last Sunday, the Hon. J. B. Wilson acting as chairman. Mrs. Watson prefaced her address by stating that though not entranced or unconscious whilst speaking, she yet received assistance from spirit-intelligences, to whom the merit of her eloquence was chiefly due, for she neither prepared her discourses or even knew precisely what she would say till the time came for her to speak. After an invocation addressed to the Eternal Spirit, the speaker commenced her discourse by asserting that there was an unbroken chain of relationship leading from the minutest particle of matter up to the highest celestial intelligence, all the links being in harmony with one another, and the whole chain working in accordance with immutable laws. There was neither break nor vacuum in nature. One form sprang out of another, and all forms and beings were interdependent upon each other, not an atom being lost. When forces ceased to work in one place they worked elsewhere in another, and when the spirit ceased its existence here it commenced a new one in another and higher sphere. There is no death, it is but change, and the line of communication is not lost. Churchmen inconsistently denied the fact of spirit intercourse, and, whilst admitting development, in all other directions, resolutely refused to progress in religion. We were ever on the plane of progress, and being helped by spiritual beings, who, though unseen by the physical eye, yet thronged the earth. Death did not change the mother's breast to marble, nor gracious natures into stone, and the future was lit up by the golden sunrises of angel ministrations. The house was crowded, and the lecture a great success.

Mrs. Watson's status as a lecturer, and the estimation in which she is held by those who know her, both in her public capacity and private life, may be gathered from the following letter of Wm. Emmette Coleman, written in the early part of last year, and from the resolutions passed by the San Francisco Association of Spiritualists which are published in the report of her farewell meeting in *Light* for all of October 19th, last:—

"Mrs. E. L. Watson has been lecturing every Sunday for the First Spiritual Union in San Francisco, Cal., for two or three months, and has established herself as a universal favourite—as great a favourite, probably, as we ever had here. She has uniformly drawn very large audiences, which rather increase than diminish. The mention of her name is ever the signal of applause at a spiritual gathering, and her appearance on the rostrum each Sunday evening is always applauded. She is certainly a very attractive speaker, one eminently calculated to charm the masses, at the same time giving dignity and tone to the spiritual platform. Her lectures and her general bearing evince her to be a true woman, than which higher praise cannot be extended her. Her graceful and easy carriage, her choice expressive diction, her mastery over the emotional nature of the auditors, her effective appeals to the higher sympathies of man, her combination of the emotional with the practical and the logical—all these, and other graces of head and heart, serve to render our sister a potent instrument for good in the world, one calculated to wield a mighty influence among men and women in furtherance of liberal and spiritual truth."—*Banner of Light*.

Resolutions passed by the first Spiritual Association of San Francisco, and presented to Mrs. Watson, after her farewell lecture at Ixoria Hall, Sunday October 15, 1882:—

Whereas, In view of the fact that our highly gifted and eloquent speaker Mrs. Watson, is about to depart for new fields of labor, she having received and accepted a call from the Spiritual Society of Melbourne, Australia, and though we recognise the wide field for labour in the spiritual vineyard of Australia and adjoining Colonies needing just such a conscientious, reliable, and eloquently gifted labourer as our dearly beloved sister, yet it becomes a painful duty for us to yield to the call of our sister association across the sea. During the two years of her faithful and successful ministrations with us she has so outshined herself within our hearts, by her noble, true and outspoken sympathy with, and devotion to the gospel of Spiritualism outwrought through the blessed ministrations of her faithful guides who so eloquently pleaded for "justice to all and malice to none," that to sever but for a brief period of time one link in the golden chain which so firmly binds us together brings to our hearts naught but the deepest shadow of sorrow and regret; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the sympathy, affection and good wishes of this society be unanimously extended to our dearly beloved sister in her journeyings abroad; and that the fire of inspiration which she has fanned into such a glowing flame of living truth within our hearts be the torch which shall light her pathway to higher spheres of duty and love; and that she be spared to return to us with the renewed vigor which health alone can give, and may she be blessed to the highest degree of spiritual beatitude.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to our sister, Mrs. Watson, and also furnished to the leading spiritual papers for publication, by the Secretary of the Society.

Want of space prevents our inserting Mrs. Watson's earnest and appropriate reply, but we hope to report some of her words in future issues. Her first lecture in Melbourne is arranged for January 22nd.

## TO THE ORTHODOX OF ALL THE CHRISTIAN DENOMINATIONS.

## No. 2.

MEN, Women, Brethren and Sisters,—How is it, I would further ask you, that you cannot, or will not "discern the signs of the times." We Spiritualists affirm that there is now at the present time, and that there has been for the last forty years a Ministry of Spirits of departed friends, angel messengers to those who still live on the earth organised with a powerful will, resolve, and determination to act upon us, and through us upon the religious thoughts of the age. I go myself further than most of my brother Spiritualists do, for I include among this angel ministry (a mighty army truly) other higher nobler and greater influences at work for the redemption of humanity, to lead all the inhabitants of the earth on to that self-regeneration which is a necessary result of the law of onward and upward progression. And now what are the facts proving, that this is so, that we are not deceived in our assertion. Putting aside the immense multitude of Spiritualists, numbering now between twenty and twenty-five millions of people who believe this is so because like myself they all know it to be so; let us turn to what is going on around us, outside of our own sphere and not at all connected therewith. In all the vast movements and agencies set on foot for the reformation of humanity, we shall see the working of causes emanating from the world of spirits, and producing in our world effects variable, yet acting truly for the reformation and reclamation, progress and advancement of man.

How different, how much more enlightened by science is the preaching of the various ministers in the Christian churches to what it was forty years ago. This is due some say to public opinion, to a more enlightened press, to a greater scientific knowledge. But whence came this public opinion, this enlightened press, this greater scientific knowledge. They are but effects springing out of causes unseen by us. We may trace these causes step by step backwards, and we shall at last stand face to face with influences unnoticed and hitherto unknown because invisible and operating silently but surely with irrepresible power on the minds of certain men who become thus to others media from which this increased knowledge, this enlightenment of the press, this public opinion all flow. That influence is not of this world. Whence comes the temperance organisations throughout the world to save men and women from drunkenness? Fifty or sixty years ago men and women gloried in their drunkenness, debauchery and all the rest of the vicious propensities, then so rampant and the Christian church, she to whom God had committed the work of "Salvation of Man from Sin" winked at it all. The world had got into the churches, and the world was too much for them. Suddenly one man arises in Ireland, heads a movement antagonistic to drunkenness. Crowds flock around him and listen to him, thousands are saved from the curse as millions more will yet be redeemed. That man was himself a medium for his particular work. But whence came his inspiration, what made him a Prophet, heading a righteous crusade against the national vice? That inspiration too was not of this world. It was the effect of a causation proceeding from the world of causes. A spirit messenger silently spoke to that Roman Catholic priest, and sent him off on his mission of mercy.

So it is in our days still. There is an angel ministry abroad among all peoples with a determination, and fixed resolve to act upon all hearts everywhere. That ministry of angels uses various means to effect its benevolent purposes among all nations, according to the needs of each individual. Neither they nor He who sends them forth—God, the Great Father Spirit—is tied down to any one particular purpose, but working in all men severally as He wills, He works as He chooses and sends His spirit messengers forth to do His Sovereign will, and variously to influence the hearts of all men, leading all slowly and silently on to progression, onward and upward throughout the ages. I might point out to various philanthropic agencies outside the pale of Christian churchism, working all in the same progressive direction for humanity's advancement, all confirming the affirmation of Spiritualists, that an angel ministry is indeed among us, doing their work silently to lead men in all future ages to obey the Father Spirit's law. Not that of the antagonistic self-satisfied churches of man, who are too ready to condemn everything outside their own particular pale, and too unwilling to aid in the advancement of man, though they are only too willing to keep him as stagnant as they are, and to hold him in a soul-bondage as long as they can. The Christianity of God is very much larger freer and more comprehensive than that of the churches of man. God works variously, omnipotently, and sends forth his ministering angels and spirits to do His bidding, to influence those whom He calls and chooses to execute His will as earth angels. To these earth angels come the celestial messengers—to them they speak their silent thoughts. Lo! the men and women become prophets and prophetesses, seers, discoverers of spirits, healers and variously endowed with other spiritual gifts to aid in the progressive enlightenment of mankind. So too other sciences spring into existence of which the men of the past knew nothing. All working for one great Divine purpose, that man shall be lifted up nearer and nearer to God throughout all ages. As Jesus himself was raised up—so must humanity itself be also lifted up—as Jesus who began the work of reform on earth was purified and perfected by suffering (a strong proof this that he was not God,) so must humanity itself be purified and so perfected by suffering also, that both man and his female companion may if possible grow gradually more and more God-like in future ages.

Are these things so, men and brethren, women and sisters,—Then take my advice and do not fight against God with your silly antagonism. Down with your arms at once and surrender, you would be rebels against the Most High the Great Father Spirit. The ministry of angels will assuredly prove victorious over you. It comes to you in love and you reject it with hate and fear. Their sympathy for you is great, their love is greater than you know. They want to turn your hearts to Him who is the only true God, and come to you in proof of their own Life and Being. You think they are dead, departed, and gone for ever more. Not so! They come to assure you that things are not with them, what they seem to you to be. That their

Life is real, life is earnest  
And the grave is not its goal  
Dust thou art, to Dust returnest  
Was not spoken of the soul.

They come to give you their blessing, to tell you as far as they may of their life in the spirit world, to show you their own gloriously beautiful spirit forms embodied still, in array for more glorious and beautiful than are the most beautiful forms of earth, to convince you that as they are you will be, where they are you must also be, to take thus from you all your fear of death, the fear of slaves, by showing you what it really is. To lead you thus to anticipate with hope and joy the time of your own departure from earth, to rejoin the loved ones gone before. And yet your hearts are hardened still, deaf to all good influences from that spirit world where love supernal reigns are you, because your fears so overcome your common sense and rationality, that you fear and dislike even your own departed spirit friends rejoicing

now in spirit life. And yet full well you know that when your time comes to depart,

"You too, O mortals, spirits must be."

The only difference between you and them even now being just this, that you are yourselves spirits incarnated, while they are spirits reincarnated. And why should there not be a loving and lovable communion established between the Earth-world and the spirit-spheres? The answer, men and brethren, women and sisters, is just this: you are not spiritually minded, but you are carnally minded; you care more for the things of Earth than for the life hereafter in the spirit-world awaiting you. You need greater spiritualisation—you need that your whole human nature should be spiritualised, and become de-carnalised. In this world you give your thoughts for the bodies too much of an innings, forgetting that your spirit-bodies require as much care as do your outward forms of clay. Come now, an Earth-angel calls on you to change all this; put your childish things away, and be what you ought to be—good, true, pure, spiritual men and women, proud of the glorious destinies awaiting you in the spirit-life of the spirit-world, and no longer to be antagonistic to God, your great Father Spirit, but to do His will on Earth as it is done in all the higher consociations of angels in the spirit-world, that so you may be led onward and upward for ever. Materialism cannot do this for you; Atheism cannot do it; pseudo-Christianity cannot do it; because world-contaminated in itself, it taints you. Put, then, that foul thing away; return to the pure Christianity of Jesus—the religion of truth—the religion of common sense and true right—Freethought. Put evil things away; cease to do evil, learn to do well, love one another, dwell with each other in unity, and loving-kindness, and human sympathy. Begin so your Earth-life of Progression here, that for you it may be continued hereafter. You need no other atonement than this: Follow the example set before you in the life of Jesus of Nazareth, and so strive with each other to render Earth not the hell it has been in past ages, but a heaven filled with Earth-angels, understanding and rejoicing in their own bright future destinies, working on hopefully towards them that they may be indeed realised.

UNITARIAN MINISTER.

Rockhampton, Queensland,  
October 14th, 1882.

#### THE MATERIALIZATION SEANCES.

There have only been two Seances since our last issue both of which were fairly successful, and at one of them satisfactory tests were obtained. Mr. Sprigg's health has been indifferent for some time past, the long course of sittings having apparently had a most exhausting effect upon his system. It has therefore been determined to discontinue further sittings for the present. The committee have held over some experiments they were desirous of trying in order to get through the list of approved applicants, but should the Medium's health justify further sittings these experiments will take precedence. It is therefore not at all likely that visitors can be admitted for some time to come, if at all. Those who have sent applications during the past two months will please take this as a reply. W. H. TERRY, Chairman.

PASSED ON.—At Flemington on Saturday, November 11th, "Kate Mary," wife of F. W. Debnay. Mr. Debnay is an old and respected member of the V.A.S. and a number of friends from both institutions who had heard of his sudden bereavement assembled round the grave to express their sympathy and pay a last tribute of respect to his beloved partner whose mortal remains were being consigned to the dust. A most appropriate address was delivered by a prominent member of the Association, who pointed out the value at such times as these of scientific evidences of a future state, which took away the dread of death and left nothing to mourn for save the temporary loss of the physical companionship of the departed, who was probably there in spirit watching the proceedings and sympathising with the bereaved. Two hymns were sung by members of the choir. Flowers were thrown into the grave and the meeting dispersed.

## MR. DAVID DUGUID.

By the Mail just to hand we are advised that a testimonial is being got up for the above remarkable Medium who has for many years given his valuable services to the cause of Spiritualism without fee or reward. The object of it is to assist him in some undertaking that will enable him to continue the good work. There are some here who have witnessed and benefited by Mr. Duguid's Mediumship, besides many others who have seen some of his wonderful paintings. We shall be glad to receive subscriptions from such.

## SPIRITUALISM AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

Copies of this pamphlet have been sent to every Church of England and Presbyterian Minister in Victoria, also to a few liberal Ministers of other Denominations. Copies will be sent to the Ministers in New South Wales and South Australia as soon as their addresses are obtained.

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